HOME SCENES

DURING

THE REBELLION.

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"Halt! or I'll Fire!"
"If you fire Yankee powder at me, I'll fire Rebel apples at you."

HOME SCENES

DURING THE REBELLION.

BY

EIGGAM STREBOR.

ILLUSTRATED.

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THIS PAGE IN LIFE'S HISTORY

IS

Respectfully Dedicated

TO MY MOTHER.

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PREFACE.

I HAVE always entertained the idea of writing a book but this is entirely contrary to what I expected to put before the public. I fully intended to sprinkle it with the dews of romance, but those incidents related therein will admit of no brilliant hues of fiction, as many who are now scattered broadcast over the world can testify. Having left out all that seemed egotistical, I feel content. I suppose many will say, how came this book to be written? Well, I will answer, simply because mighty pens will not record those actual facts, and in my own simple language I set my first book before you, trusting that it may prove diverting. I dare not hope to compete with known authors. Some parts are sad, other parts again are pleasing and gay, but all are incidents that actually occurred during the rebellion. In the trials of the heroine I may not have colored it high enough; but were I to have given more of her trials, it would have been too emotional; and as I cannot bear to see tears, I will not cause them to flow too freely, hoping, however, that whoever reads this book may be able to think that it is all true, and I shall indeed be pleased should the reader pay me the impromptu compliment of a smile or a tear.

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HOME SCENES

DURING THE REBELLION.

CHAPTER I.

"THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION."

"BETTIE! Bettie! where are you? come quick, I have something to show you that will surprise you greatly."

So called Bettie Howard's handsome brother Aleck from the foot of the stairs.

A sweet voice answered from the hall above, "Here I am, Aleck;" and Bettie came bounding down the stairs and rushed up to her brother, as he stood holding up a paper to her view, saying:

"Now, listen, Bettie, here is the President's proclamation"—and he read over the Emancipation Proclamation carefully. As he ceased reading, he struck the paper with the back of his hand, exclaiming in tones of indignation: "That's what we've come to at last. Now, this is what the South has to do, I tell you, sister: we must give

up our heritage; our slaves, whom we have clothed and fed, and partly reared in indolence, must go out into the world to starve, because when they are free they will have no one to run to with all their little complaints. And I'll bet my life, that before this thing is over, *we* white men will be held in bondage more severe than we ever held our slaves. 'Let us have war—war to the knife,' say I, for has not Lincoln proclaimed war by this very thing? We must now prepare to meet the foe in the field. Ah! the tocsin has sounded. So hie thee away, my sister, and make ready everything at a moment's warning, for I would fain die on the field of battle, rather than live to see the day when we will have a negro senator, or perhaps a negro president."

"O Aleck! don't talk of war: you frighten me half to death." And poor frightened Bettie began to cry.

Aleck laid his hand gently upon her bowed head, and said softly: "Ah! sister mine, do not weep, for you will have enough of that to do when I am off to the wars. Look up, girl, and remember that you have a child—a boy at that" (and the speaker grew excited as he said), "Now, teach that boy to pray, that through this very proclamation may come their own destruction, that this very negro

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whom they seek to free may be the dagger to stab the nation to the heart. Mind you, Bettie, this is no time for tears, but for action, fierce and strong. We must leave all that we hold dear behind, to go forth to conquer or die. I for one would prefer death rather than live to bear the humiliation of 'equality,' for sure as I am standing here, that will follow this proclamation."

This conversation took place in a grand old farm-house in Maryland, between a widow in one of the oldest aristocratic families in the State, and a promising young lawyer, her brother—one of the handsomest young men in the country. (Alas! that one so full of life and vigor should have passed away from our midst, cut off in all his manly grace and beauty.) A little while after the above conversation took place, Stonewall Jackson's name ran through the country like wildfire; our hero, being fired with enthusiasm, was one of the first to enroll his name as a member of the Stonewall Brigade. Yet all through the counties were seen the boys in gray, mustering for the fray.

Mothers clasped their noble sons to their bosoms, and like true Spartan mothers, bade them God speed. Alas! how many gazed upon the loved features for the last time! Yet their country demanded the sacrifice, and they made it without a

murmur. Sisters waved their hands to their brothers, while the tears chased each other down their cheeks. Sweethearts, with their utterance choked with unshed tears, urged their lovers to go fight for their homes and defend their firesides. Although many a heart was ready to break at saying that terrible word "farewell," yet they were willing to make their sacrifice upon the altar of liberty. Ah! they were not afraid to trust their loved ones with such leaders as Stonewall Jackson, the Christian hero, and our grand and noble chieftain, Robert E. Lee.

Oh, whose blood does not, even now, tingle with enthusiasm when they think of the daring of those two chiefs, whose names the world reveres? Not only those whom they led to battle, but those to whom they were opposed, acknowledged that they had met

"Foemen worthy of their steel."

Who shall say that the spirit of him "who was first in war," "first in peace," and "first in the hearts of his countrymen," did not enter into the noble chief, who trod in lordly grandeur the grand old halls of Arlington in the footprints of *him* whose silver salver has been handed to noble dames both of the past and present day, to kiss only the edge, because it had been hallowed by his

touch? And now behold the place which was once the dwelling of the grandson of the illustrious Washington, George Washington Park Custis. Well do I remember the venerable gentleman. Often, when a child, has he patted me on the head and said in his own genial tone, "Now scamper away;" and he used to laugh heartily when the children would roll down the hill, or, when they reached bottom, would fall into the shallow water, to be dragged out by ready hands, all dripping with muddy water, not hurt, only scared. But I am digressing.

I must now go back to Maryland. As all know, the boys were preparing for the fray, and indeed seemed now eager for it. They left Maryland by squads, and very quietly too: everything seemed to favor them as they left for Virginia. Ah! yes: as they would sing:

"Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free,
The birth-place of Washington, the land of liberty,
Our soil is invaded by tyrants and knaves,
Our fields, once so brilliant, now gloomy with graves.
Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free,
Three cheers for Virginia and sweet liberty."

CHAPTER II.

"ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES."

I WAS in Washington City at the time of the arrival of Ellsworth's Zouaves. Every one dreaded the time when they should make their appearance. The stores were closed immediately upon their arrival at the depot, for all feared a "raid by the tigers," as they were called; notwithstanding the general scare, as the drum corps was heard coming up Pennsylvania Avenue, crowds rushed to the corners to see them pass. They did not make a fine display, their dress being of a dirty-looking gray, and there being no moon that night; but they certainly made up for not being seen to advantage. They were exceedingly noisy. As they passed a group of ladies they would call out to each other: "I say, Ben, what do you think of Washington gals?" and the answer would come back, three or four ranks deep, "Well, some of 'em are tarnation pretty, and if we stay long enough, I guess we'll capture some of the best looking;" and as the order came to halt, while resting upon their arms, one would shout out, "I wish I was married."

But, really, I don't think Old Nick was half so black, in that instance, as people painted him, for when those men became acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, they behaved as rationally as any other regiment.

I never saw such influence as Ellsworth had over those untamed men: they really appeared to idolize their leader, for no matter how boisterous they were, one look from him would subdue their hilarity instantly. One morning, some time after their arrival, while they were quartered in the United States Capitol, a fire broke out about a mile distant from them. When they heard it they became unmanageable. Col. Ellsworth was absent, and had to be sent for. When he arrived he found everything in confusion, and reprimanded them sharply for their conduct, for which they expressed the utmost sorrow. After some time, seeing the fire still raged fiercely, he gave the word of command, and off they went. No sooner had the colonel turned his back than the air resounded with their yells, and when they would come to an engine-house they would take the "machine," as they called it, and run with it to the fire. Everybody gave way before them, and when they arrived at Willard's Hotel—for it was in that square—their beloved leader was already there; he gave the word of command, and

every man was at post in an instant. Nothing was seen of them for some time, when a shout from the crowd told that they were upon the roof. There they performed a feat worthy of record. Several of them lay flat upon the roof, passing the hose from one to the other; then they formed a chain, and swung themselves over the roof on to the shutters, from one story to another, one holding on to the feet of the other, and working the hose all the time. Thus by this strange means the Willard House was saved from destruction.

While this wonderful feat was being performed, the great multitude below held their breath in terrible suspense, expecting every moment that some link in the chain would break, and some of them would be dashed to pieces; but such, thank Heaven, was not the case. Col. Ellsworth presently placed a whistle to his mouth, and in an instant every man arose as if by magic, then a deafening shout arose from below, while the poor fellows were panting for breath upon the hot roof.

Again the colonel gave a signal, and in an instant they swung themselves from story to story until they reached *terra firma*, when a tremendous shout rent the air, and by another signal from the colonel they ran around on the "double-quick," shouting, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and gave three cheers and a

tiger for their brave leader. After this they were invited in to breakfast, which I'll warrant they had a keen relish for.

When all was over, they again took possession of the old "machines," and went tearing down Pennsylvania Avenue at a fearful rate. It must be remembered that in those days there were no steam-engines. I must say, if those men did their duty as faithfully in the field as they did that morning at the fire, they deserved more credit than they ever received at the hands of their own people.

Soon after this occurrence, Ellsworth was quartered in Alexandria, where, upon seeing the obnoxious stars and bars floating upon the top of the Marshall House, he cried out: "Boys, that flag must fall;" and instead of going to work upon the outside to tear down the flag, he entered Jackson's private part of the house to get up to the roof, so that he might tear down the flag, when, as we all know, Mr. Jackson shot him on his way down. As Jackson fired the fatal shot, a man by the name of Brownell shot Jackson, and he fell by the side of the dead Ellsworth, and immediately two zouaves took their bayonets and stuck them through the breast of the fallen Jackson, and as an eye-witness to the scene told me, they held the quivering body down for fifteen minutes, until his agonized wife

and sister came for their beloved dead, who indeed died nobly defending his rights—who can gainsay that? When a man is in his own house he has a right to repel any invasion whatever.

For some time after that, whenever a Yankee asked a rebel his name, the rebel would answer Jackson.

Although I am a Southerner by birth and through principle, I regretted exceedingly to hear of the noble-hearted but rash young colonel's death, and when the ambulance containing his corpse passed up the avenue towards the President's mansion, followed only by six men and a drummer boy, I could not restrain my tears; for when I saw him last he was looking so full of life, and to think for one rash act he should pay the forfeit of his life.

I remember being on a visit to Washington some years before, when Captain Ellsworth visited that city with his company of zouaves from Chicago—all splendid-looking and well-educated men. They performed their evolutions upon the green sward before the President's mansion, after which they were grouped around their leader, who was addressing President Buchanan. He stood gallantly, holding in one hand his hat and in the other his sword. These were his words, as well as I can remember:

"Mr. President, if ever our country should need our services, we are ready to lay down our lives upon the altar of liberty. I will be one of the first to draw my sword in its defence;" saying which, he bade adieu to the President, the men formed in line, and marched to the City Hall.

Well did he keep his word, but little did he think then that so soon his services would be called into requisition; he was indeed one of the first to draw his sword in defence of the Union.

Again, the day of his funeral was an exciting day in Washington. As the funeral cortége was passing the Treasury, the steps and windows were crowded to their utmost capacity. Several of his regiment who had escaped from the hospital, with blankets wrapped around their emaciated forms, stood upon the sidewalks, with the great tears rolling down their bronzed cheeks, watching the procession, when, just as the President's carriage passed the Treasury building, a man in a lieutenant's uniform suddenly rushed up to the carriage, bearing in his arms a flag, thrust it into the President's lap, and shouted out, "I am Brownell, who killed Jackson." Leaving the flag with the astonished party, he made his way through the crowd, and the cortége moved on.

But scarcely had the procession reached the

depot, when a great light was seen in the direction of Alexandria, and in a moment all was confusion: the bells (which had been tolling) now rang out furiously, and the dull thunder of distant cannon was heard; then the cry rang far and near that the rebels had taken Alexandria, and were marching steadily on to Washington. The officers that accompanied the remains of the gallant dead to the depot, hearing the great confusion, dashed up the avenue in the wildest disorder, thinking really that the city was besieged.

The alarm was false: the great light proved to be a large fire in the country. But at that time everything was magnified: there were many rumors that were not strictly true, and I think it has been so ever since.

CHAPTER III.

"BUTTERFIELD'S CIRCUS."

This was the name given to the Twelfth Regiment New York National Guard, which, immediately upon their arrival in Washington, took possession of Franklin Square. In former times it was used by the Indians to dance their war dances in, while on a visit to the Great Father, the President of the United States. I remember when a child I used to accompany the nurse, who could easily scare me with saying that she would give me to one of the hideously painted warriors, who would pat me upon the head, and call me "papusie."

But our settlers on this occasion were a little more civilized, yet not more dignified, than the red man of the forest. It was very amusing to see them in the evening running around on the double-quick; but oh! it was almost death to the poor fellows, whom General Butterfield would order out on dress parade every evening from two till five o'clock, no matter how warm the day, just to please his vanity and about five hundred silly ladies, who would congregate to witness this grand

spectacle—for indeed it was grand to see one thousand men in the picturesque dress of the Zouave, fully armed and equipped, going through their evolutions. Of course the great applause from the spectators would gratify their vanity; but it was like the frog in the fable—it might have been fun to the multitude, but it was almost death to them.

Well, to the point. One evening, the heroine of this book, whom I have not yet introduced (but will do so now), by the name of "Lulu," being with a party of young friends, eleven in number, "all Southerners," visited "Butterfield's Circus," and while looking on delighted, Lulu was accosted by Dr. L——, a rising young physician of Washington, who introduced the ladies to several of his New York friends, members of the Twelfth Regiment, who was very anxious to show off their elegant quarters, and forthwith invited the ladies to inspect them.

While in the quarters of one of the crack companies, Lulu, who was up to all mischief, caught sight of the tables, which consisted of two or three planks nailed together, with ropes drawn through holes at the ends, and said table was drawn by these ropes clear up to the roof of the building. Lulu looked up with a longing eye, and said laughingly to some one near:

"If you will let me swing upon that table, I will bring you some biscuits and butter for your supper."

The soldiers were delighted at the prospect of such a luxury, so the table was drawn down, and Lulu seated upon it. She held on tenaciously with both hands, and amid roars of laughter accomplished her desire, and looking demure as a mouse, waited until Mr. S——, a handsome "high private," lifted her gently off the table. She thanked them kindly, said she would not forget her promise, and bade them adieu, promising to call often.

That evening, as the soldiers were about to take their evening meal, a little mulatto stood before the door with a basket upon her arm. When asked what she wanted, she replied that she came with Miss Lulu's compliments to the soldiers, and there were some biscuits and butter for their supper. The handsome Private S—— placed the things upon the table, and then said, "Boys, let us say grace." They all arose immediately, as he said, solemnly, "God bless the little rebel who sent us this good food. Amen."

Every morning after this incident the little mulatto was at her post, waiting for the sentinel to let her pass with her pot of coffee, hot rolls and beafsteak, which Lulu sent to her friends, for she

made many friends among the Twelfth. These visits continued until they were ordered to Virginia.

One evening after dress parade they were all assembled around a small cannon, and the "Star-Spangled Banner" was proudly floating over them, when Mr. S——, who had been promoted to sergeant, approached the group with a fine-looking young girl, who without much ado fired off the cannon. When the soldiers found that a young girl had fired it, they gave three rousing cheers, and one Zouave in his enthusiasm clapped his hands, and shouted, "Bully for you."

An officer came forward and extended his hand (which the child took frankly); told her that that was bravely done, that he supposed she thought that she was firing at the arch-traitor, Jeff. Davis, to which she replied undaunted, "No, sir! I thought I was firing at the Yankees." The officer turned away abruptly, and he was heard to say a very ungracious thing—something like, "The d—l! who would have thought that she was a rebel?"

This little girl, who was Lulu's niece, became a great favorite with the company: she was very kind to the soldiers, but whenever she would go up to camp that particular officer would grumble, "Here comes that d—d little rebel;" but still he thought a great deal of Lulu.

One day there was a great confusion in camp, the band was playing the Dead March, and several men were carrying something like a coffin upon their shoulders. The thing was covered with a black pall, and as they approached a deep and narrow grave, there was a terrible rattle of kettle-drums, and all who participated in the funeral ceremonies were put under arrest. So ended the mutiny of the Twelfth Regiment. The news spread like wildfire, and the old Twelfth were heroes after that.

On the Fourth of July some of the soldiers dined at Lulu's, and there met some of the boys from "Old Virginia," who were surprised to find the boys in blue; but nevertheless they accepted the invitation to witness the display of fireworks in camp that night. So the evening passed away pleasantly.

The next day was Sunday, and the Twelfth was ordered to quarter over the river, opposite Arlington, known as Roach's Springs, where some regiment had been quartered before and had destroyed the place, and even bragged about how inhumanly they had treated the proprietor, whom they chained to a tree before his door because he would not take the oath of allegiance. Then they took every article of furniture out of the house and made a great bonfire before his eyes.

When the Twelfth arrived they found a scene of

desolation only, instead of fertile fields, and Mr. Roach chained to the old oak-tree like a dog. He was so emaciated, and was also insensible from exposure, that it was only by the care and attention of the kind-hearted men that he ever recovered. His wife and daughters escaped the clutches of those fiends in human shape, who wore the livery of Uncle Sam to accomplish their fiendish desires.

I think that the day on which the Twelfth Regiment left Washington was the hottest I ever experienced. While marching down the avenue several fell from the ranks completely exhausted by the heat. Still General Butterfield would not allow the train of ambulances to stop to take them in, and consequently the poor fellows had to lie in that condition until the citizens could obtain stages from the National Hotel and take them to private houses, where they had every attention.

There is where General Butterfield showed his heartlessness again. One of those who fell with *coup de soleil* was Sergeant S——, who, when he recovered from the sad effects, made his way to Lulu's home, and to show his gratitude, purchased an opera fan as a present to her, which said fan she has to this day, and prizes it highly. The privates in this regiment were more highly thought of than the officers. Everybody seemed to miss the old Twelfth with their wonderful drum corps.

CHAPTER IV.

EPIPHANY HOSPITAL.

It is not my purpose to follow up the army, or to paint terrible war scenes, for my pen is far too weak for that, and moreover, a repetition of those harrowing scenes are not necessary; if possible, we want to forget them, although in 1862, when I resided in Washington, I saw enough to make my heart ache.

I remember, while on a visit to the Epiphany Hospital, this little incident occurred. This was the Church of the Epiphany, and the pew of our "Noble President, Jefferson Davis," was in one of the wings of the church, having a silver plate upon it. It was designated from the others. When some of the soldiers heard of it they wanted to take up the planks that were laid over it as the floor of the hospital, and keep the plate as a trophy.

Well, the day to which I have reference was a very exciting one in the hospital. There stood in the centre aisle a young lady with a large sponge-cake and balls of red and white popped corn, which she was distributing among the wounded soldiers;

she would cut a slice of cake, place a ball of corn upon it, which made it look quite inviting, then hand it to a soldier with a pleasant smile and kind word. Scarcely had she done this when she heard the words, "That's the one," whereupon an officer laid his hand upon her shoulder, saying, "I arrest you!"

The young girl turned from the bed of the sufferer, and demanded of him by what authority dared he arrest her.

He answered unhesitatingly, "I understand that you are a rebel!"

She dropped the cake and knife upon the floor, and answered haughtily, her great dark eyes fairly emitting fire: "Yes! I am a rebel, and proud am I to own it. You can incarcerate me in the deepest, darkest dungeon, but to stop my tongue you shall *never*. While I have that article it shall wag for the South. *I* can stand the horrors of a dungeon, and, if I thought the South would gain her independence by it, I would have my body cut up into inch pieces. Now, arrest me, gentlemen!"

One of those who stood by said tauntingly, "My! but you are a brave girl; pray, may I ask your name?"

Throwing back her head in defiance, she answered, "My name is rebel: I came here unknown, I go away unknown. I came not to seek notoriety."

"You came to carry letters, or to take what information you could to your noble boys in gray, I presume," said the officer.

"No, sir," answered Lulu, "I came not for either. You can inquire of every man in this building if I ever asked him to change his opinion. No, sir; I came not to make discord: I was taught in the Episcopal faith, 'to love my neighbor as myself, and to do unto others as I would have others do unto me.'"

Then pointing to a sick man, she continued: "If my brother inflicted this man's wounds, shall *I* inflict a deeper one? *No*, as a woman and as Christians we are commanded to heal, not to inflict wounds. I came here to alleviate suffering if I could, and make these poor men find a brother in a foe, or rather sisters."

"But why, pray, don't you go to the hospital, where you will find some of your precious boys in gray, whom we have captured?" said the officer.

"Simply, sir," answered Lulu, "I cannot afford two dollars for carriage hire, for then I would have nothing to give to those who have shed their blood in our defence. I hope that those who are living near will do all in their power to ameliorate their woes. I hope they will throw off party feeling as I have done. While we are opposed to each other

in the field we will fight it out on that line; but when a man is wounded he is no longer an equal, but a dependant, therefore we help him to rise again."

"Umph!" said the officer; "I suppose your theory is, that you will mend or patch him up so he will try it again: it's a great pity that you are not a man. Pray, what would you do if you were?"

"Why," said Lulu, "I would shoulder a musket and go to the front—not stay as a home-guard, like you do, but go where I could smell powder, and if I saw you getting behind a tree, I would take good aim and bring you down, shoulder-straps, brass buttons, and impudence. I am sure that if Uncle Sam could not feed, clothe, and fill your pockets with greenbacks, you would never face a 'grayback,' or take up arms for the cause of the negro."

"We are not fighting for the negro," said the officer quickly. "We are fighting for our glorious Union."

"I don't see that you are fighting for anything; but I hope the first band of union of yours will be the band of wedlock with some nice greasy, jet-black negro girl. Now, if you don't know that fighting for the Union means simply to free the negroes, you will soon know it."

"Come, come, what is all this about?" said a

cheery voice, as a middle-aged gentleman pushed his way through the crowd up to where the young girl was standing.

As soon as she saw him, she held out her hand, saying:

"O doctor, I'm so glad that you have come, for those vandals in Uncle Sam's livery want to arrest me."

The good doctor grasped her hand, and turning fiercely upon the officers, cried out:

"What! arrest you for bringing back those poor fellows from the brink of the grave? for nursing them and cheering them when their own people have neglected them and left them to die, simply because they were not of some favorite regiment. Why, gentlemen, I am surprised and grieved. This little girl has done as much good by her bright smiles and cheering words of comfort as I have with my surgical instruments. Now come with me to the bed of each sufferer, and ask him what does he think of the little *rebel*."

As the good doctor said this he took the hand of Lulu and went up to each bed, the officers following.

Then Lulu, taking the hand of the sufferer, asked him in gentle tones, "Sir, have I ever said anything obnoxious to you while I have been nursing you?" And the answer was:

"Never, never, lady; God bless you." As she asked each sufferer the answer was the same.

Some of the poor weak men would burst into tears as Lulu bade them good-by forever. By this time the poor girl was weeping bitterly, for her feelings were deeply wounded. Some of the men ventured to ask her name, but the answer was the same to all:

"If you think of me at all, think kindly; and if ever any of our noble boys in gray should fall into your hands, treat them kindly as you have been treated by the unknown rebel. I come unknown among you, I leave in the same manner. Now, farewell: may you all soon be restored to your homes and in the bosoms of your families, but if you rejoin your corps, and should take any Southern prisoners, think that they are your brothers fighting for their homes and firesides, as you would do were you in their place; deal with them kindly. Farewell." And poor Lulu could scarcely speak.

Every man that could rise grasped her hand, and in many instances covered it with kisses, while there was scarcely a dry eye in the place. They said:

"God bless you lady; we pray that this cruel war will soon be over; farewell, and again accept our heartfelt thanks; we will think of your words. Farewell."

The doctor then turned to the officers and said: "Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied? what more do you want than the gratitude of these poor fellows to show you that my little girl here is no spy. Shame on you all; if this thing should ever be bruited abroad, how would you look in the eyes of *your own people?*"

One of the officers answered sharply: "From what I hear, doctor, I think the most of this congregation are secessionist, and they ought to be made an example of." Then turning to Lulu he said: "I hear that the rector, Dr. H——, who is from Georgia, is a rebel too; is that so?"

Lulu answered haughtily: "Dr. H—— is of age, he can speak for himself. I hear his words from the pulpit to the effect that he came to teach men to follow in the footsteps of the Divine Master—to love one another, not to stir up strife. Now, gentlemen, I thank you, for you have taught me a life-long lesson."

"And pray, what is that?" said an upstart officer.

"Why, 'tis this," said Lulu: "when you see your enemies dying for want of proper treatment, do as the Levite did—pass on the other side of the way, and take no notice of him. I really think, if people want to keep out of harm's way, they had better

follow his example, and not that of the good Samaritan. Now, gentlemen, if you have no objection, I will go home, but will just tell you my opinion of you frankly: would you like to hear it?"

"By all means," said the same little officer.

"Well!" said Lulu, "I think if you had stayed at home, and let men who know something of human nature come, perhaps the war would sooner close; but it is such as yourselves that will keep this thing in agitation. Now the feeling with which I leave you is that of the blacksmith who took a serpent in his bosom and it stung him. Gratitude for kindness rendered maketh the heart rejoice. Although this is a bitter pill to take, and it causes me to make a terrible grimace, yet I think by taking a little lemon-juice, or rinsing the mouth with a little cold water, its bad effects will be entirely destroyed. So now with your permission I will say farewell."

So saying, before any one could prevent her she disappeared through one of the side doors, and when Dr. B—— returned she could not be found, and as no one knew where she lived, nothing more was ever seen of Lulu at Epiphany Hospital. After that, all ladies who were not strictly loyal were prohibited from visiting there.

But Lulu was still on her raids, as the next chapter will show.

CHAPTER V.

THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON.

Several amusing incidents occurred while Lulu visited this prison.

She had a particular friend whose husband, with fifteen others, was confined therein. General Martindale, who was then provost-marshal of Washington City, gave her permission to carry anything she could get up to her friends. Well, she went through the market, and from all that she dealt with she begged whatever they sold. She had a roll of butter and three dozen eggs from one, and a splendid roast of beef from another, and so on; and when everything was completed, she had a large box nailed up, and drove up to the old Capitol to cheer the hearts of our "boys in gray."

And often after that would she take whatever she could get.

One day, when she went up as usual, the wife of Capt. S—— marched past the prison with a pair of cavalry boots thrown over her shoulder, waiting for her husband to come to the window. The Yankees laughed at her heartily. Lulu had her

little girl by the hand, waiting and walking past to catch a glimpse of her father, when the sentinel on guard, who was a Dutchman, shouted out at the top of his voice: "I say, go along on the other side of the street, or I will fire at you." Lulu said: "Fire away, old man, but I want you to understand that I am not going to leave this pavement until this child can see her father, who is kept from even kissing his only child by those cruel iron bars. Now, if you were in Libby Prison I would take your child past the windows for you to see."

The old man spoke with great feeling, while the tears rolled down his bronzed face: "O my God! I have some little children up in Pennsylvania, where my regiment come from, and if I get killed what will become of them! My name is Charles H——, and I belong to the —— Regiment, and if you ever come across my little girls, will you be kind to them too?" And when Lulu promised that she would, he seemed to be satisfied, and placing entire confidence in her words he turned from her, saying, "Now I must turn my back and cry out to you—do you understand?" and when Lulu said yes, he shouted out: "*Go away from here, or I'll fire.*"

Some days they were not allowed to go into the old Capitol, so had to content themselves with sending in whatever they had. And as Lulu made

friends with an Irish hack-driver, who was very indulgent to her, for he sympathized "wid de byes in gray—indade he did," she also made friends with the guards at the prison, for she would take a box of cigars or something nice up to them, and they would like her to come up the days that they were on guard.

One day, while the ladies were in their carriage, the guard having sent in the things which Lulu carried up, the boys in gray sang out, "I wish I was in Dixie," and "The bonnie blue flag," when they would join in the chorus, and the soldiers would throw down buttons off their coats.

On this particular day of which I speak, when the hackman picked from the gutter, where it had been thrown, a little package and gave it to Lulu, an officer approached the carriage and sternly asked:

"What was that this man gave to you?"

"Nothing for you, or it would have been given to you," answered Lulu.

Just then some one threw a large button from off his coat, which struck the officer upon the head. He turned fiercely, and said:

"Damn it! these women are enough to set a man crazy;" then he shook his fist up at the window, and cried out in a great rage, "The first man that

throws out anything more, I'll have shot like a dog."

They saw that if he was exasperated he might imbrue his hands with the blood of the innocent, for who could tell the guilty party in a crowd of a dozen men? So Lulu gave him her hand in token of good-fellowship, that although they had tantalized him they bore him no real animosity, for he thought he was doing his duty, poor benighted man.

Although he was so angry at first, he lifted his cap, and grasped the proffered hand. And away they whirled down Capitol Hill.

I say heartily God bless General Martindale, for if there is a Union officer that we ought to think kindly of, it is he. He had a heart that could feel for friend and foe alike.

Three weeks later he gave permission (under guard, 'tis true) to Captain S—— to stay with his wife, and receive the present God sent them—a beautiful daughter, who was called "Bessie Lee," after our noble chief, General Robert E. Lee.

During his visit to his wife the guards were very kind to Captain S——, and Lulu soon made friends with them, by passing in and out so often. Soon after, Captain S—— was marched back to prison. He always spoke highly of General Mar-

tindale; he was a favorite with every one. I think he was the noblest work of God—an honest man, and a man with a heart tender, brave, and true; again I say, God bless and keep General Martindale, wherever he may be.

CHAPTER VI.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION, AND ITS RESULT.

If the reader will follow me to "Rose Cottage," the home of Lulu, we will see who alights from the elegant carriage standing now before the door. Ah! now we are satisfied: two ladies alight and pass into the house, and we must follow them to gratify our curiosity.

Oh! what a meeting between them after years of separation—kisses and tears of joy, as they are clasped to the bosoms of each of the three ladies who constitute the family residents.

First there is an old lady, dignified as a queen. This old lady bears a striking likeness to the illustrious Mrs. Martha Washington—so say entire strangers. Although of noble lineage, she is no relation whatever to that lady.

One day, immediately after the attempted arrest of Lulu, a Union officer questioned her household about her Southern proclivities. Looking around, he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "I feel like there has been some great personage under this roof."

The old lady answered, "No matter what great-

ness has been under this roof, the old blue hen and her chickens have possession now."

The officer soon after took his leave, and often said afterwards that he would never question an old gray-haired lady again; that well he knew that an old hen would scratch for her chickens, and he would rather attack the chickens when the old blue hen was not around.

But I am digressing.

After the surprise was over, and the ladies had been talking of old times and peaceful scenes, the old lady, Mrs. Walton, requested Mrs. Dalton to tell her all about New Orleans, and how did the people stand the emancipation of their slaves, and how did you stand it, Mary, parting from old family servants, which you took from Maryland years ago? Oh! I think it is perfectly right that they should have their freedom. It made my heart leap with joy when I read the President's proclamation; I immediately liberated three hundred human beings from bondage, that before that blessed proclamation I had no control over.

Mrs. Walton exclaimed in surprise: "Why, Mary, have you turned with the North?—you, who from your earliest childhood never went anywhere without two or three servants with you. Oh! I am really ashamed of you."

"My dear madam, I wish you to understand plainly that I put my politics before my religion, for I left my church because the minister refused to pray for the President of the United States," said Mrs. Dalton with great dignity.

The old lady held up her hands in holy horror, saying: "Well, Marie, what would your sainted mother say were she alive? Oh, to think a daughter of the South should talk like that; that's because you married a Northern man. Oh, treason, treason."

"Well, perhaps so; I love my husband, and would sacrifice country, religion, and everything for his sake. I am thankful that all are free now, and if they can be educated, they will be able to hold up their heads with the whites of this great nation." And Mrs. Dalton arose.

Mrs. Walton said: "Marie, would you like to see your son with a black wife?"

"Oh, it will never come to that, Mrs. Walton," said Mrs. Dalton. "But I must now say farewell," and she extended her hand coldly to Mrs. Walton; and to her daughter Amelia, who was the friend and playmate of her youth, she said in tones as cold as ice, "Good-by, Amelia: I don't think that we will ever meet again as friends, because our sentiments and opinions are so widely different, that I

think the farther apart we remain the better it will be for both parties."

Amelia stood up in all her womanly dignity; she took the proffered hand, and said: "Good-by, Mary. I am heartily sorry that such a thing should happen. You were born free, so was I; each has a right to her own opinion; I do not wish you to change yours, for I'll assure you I will remain unchanged in mine. I have a husband, thank goodness, who is in the Southern army; he is now in Charleston, fighting under the "*Bonnie Blue Flag*," under which all freemen can die; let him defend the place of his birth and that of his daughter, and if his life must be the forfeit he will pay it readily. I yield all for my country. If we never meet again, Mary, do not think that I bear you any ill-will; let us look over the terrible scenes that are now being enacted, and go back to our childhood's home."

"Oh no, Amelia, that can never be. If my own mother were to appear before me this moment, and she differed in opinion from me, I would say, 'Avaunt! I have chosen the right path, and will walk therein henceforth,'" said Mrs. Dalton solemnly.

Amelia exclaimed in horror, "Why, Mary, how can you talk in that wild way? I really think you

have lost your senses; you must be demented: but tis useless, I see, to prolong this visit, which is really becoming painful on all sides. I had looked forward to this visit with so much pleasure, but alas! this cruel war has done its work. So good-by."

There was a sorrowful parting when that terrible word "Farewell" was uttered; neither party could restrain their tears and they wept in silence upon each other's bosoms, but neither would yield in their belief. So the farewell was spoken amid tears and sighs, and the friends of youth separated forever—one to her luxuriant home, for although she had liberated all her people her husband was making a fortune out of the war, and she was happy.

The other party had lost all, and Amelia's husband's life was in imminent danger, and she was living in seclusion; but she always had a bright smile and kind word for everybody, and did everything for the Yankees to make them comfortable.

So here we must leave these parties of different opinions to go their way.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE WELCOME VISITOR."

In a lovely little cottage nearly hidden by shrubbery, in front of which was a beautiful lawn that looked like a splendid green velvet carpet, let us take a peep into the dining-room.

There sat three persons around a well-set table. Those three persons were the hostess and her son, a little fair-haired, bright-eyed fellow of seven summers, and our little friend Lulu, who had just arrived from Washington with many presents for Carroll, who looked up into his mother's face and said earnestly, "Mamma, ain't Miss Lulu one of Stonewall Jackson's aids, for who would send a little rebel like me shoes and everything nice, if Stonewall Jackson didn't?"

He then put his little hands together and raised his eyes to heaven, and said, "God bless Stonewall Jackson, and let him whip the Yankees."

The ladies were very serious at first, but when he said so earnestly, "Please let Stonewall whip the Yankees," they could not repress a smile, and his

mother exclaimed in surprise, "Why, Carroll, where did you learn that?"

"Why, mamma, Uncle Dick learned me to say that. He sings this too:

'Stonewall Jackson, with his bully little crew,
Oh! won't he make the Yankees sing
Hop-de-doo-dle-do.'

And, mamma, I sings that to the Yankee soldiers down in the meadow. I took one sick man the big apple you gave me yesterday, and he took me up on the bed and cried over me, and said I looked just like his little boy, but his little boy had no mother, like I had. Now, mamma, I kissed that poor man for his little boy, and told him not cry, that God would take care of his little boy till he went home again; and, mamma, he asked me where was my papa, and I told him my papa was down in the churchyard under the tombstone. I had no papa now, but I had an uncle Dick, who was with Stonewall. He said, 'What! with Stonewall Jackson?' and I said, 'Yes, sir; my uncle Dick is a great big man, and he has gone to fight the Yankees; but he won't hurt you, because you are a poor sick man. When he comes again, I will bring him to see you. Don't you want to see my uncle Dick? he don't wear clothes like you, but oh my! he does look pretty; he wears gray clothes with

gold buttons all over him, and then he sings so pretty;' and the soldier said, 'What does he sing, my little man?' and I told him he sung

'Stonewall Jackson,'

and

'So let the Yankee guns roar as they will,
We will stand by our Stonewall still.'

And then I said, 'Now, don't you want to see my uncle Dick?'"

The child was very proud of his soldier uncle, who was with the glorious Stonewall. One day, when he was with the poor sick soldiers, he asked his never tiresome question, "Don't you want to see my uncle Dick?"

"Yes, my fine fellow," said the soldier, "but we must wait until the war is over; then we can meet and talk about your Stonewall, but now we must try and catch him."

"Oh! but you can't catch him: his soldiers would fight you and kill you, then you would not see your little boy any more; and 'nother thing—you couldn't catch him, 'cause Stonewall Jackson goes through a hole, then he pulls it after him."

The poor invalid laughed aloud at this last remark of the child's, and said, "Why, my dear boy, where did you get that from?"

Carroll looked up in the soldier's face and said:

"Why, old Uncle Ben says to me, 'Mas'r Carroll, dem Yankees neber will catch Mas'r Stonewall, 'cause when he runs into a hole he pulls it after him. Oh honey, I wish I could just go along wid Mas'r Dick: I knows we is free as you is now, honey, but dey ain't gwine to take dis nigger from dis child. Ole Ben dun got too ole to do for hisself, so I'se gwine to stay wid Miss Lillie and Mas'r Carroll. I'se one ob de home-guards, I is.' Now, do you want see old Uncle Ben too?" asked Carroll; "he is very kind, and would bring you chicken soup and everything nice. But I must go now; I will come again to-morrow," and the little fellow scrambled over the bed.

The poor man was greatly amused, and begged him to bring the wonderful Uncle Ben; then he kissed Carroll over and over again, saying, "God bless you, my fine fellow; you are indeed a sunbeam in my room; now good-by, my boy, and remember that

"Kinds words will never die."

Carroll threw kisses to him and vanished through the open door, singing,

"Kind words will never die."

Old Uncle Ben was just coming down the lane,

and when he heard the child singing, he stopped and cried, "I say, wat dat you got now, Mas'r Carroll."

When Carroll saw Uncle Ben, he told him that he had been to see a poor sick man, who said that

"Kind words will never die."

Uncle Ben grumbled out, "Now, Mas'r Carroll, you better jist let dem dere Yankees alone: I dun no what dey cum here fur anyhow. We is a peaceable set down in dis part ob de country—nothing but ole men and women and children. Thank goodness all our young mar's gone 'long wid our army; how many ob dem will come back, I wonder? I hope Mar's Dick and Mar's Watt will be cuming 'long soon. Now cum along, chile;" and saying this, Uncle Ben took the child upon his shoulders and went home, whistling

"I wish I was in Dixie."

When they reached home, Carroll ran up to his mother, and said, "O mamma, I must have a nice big apple and a nice sweet potato to-morrow, to take to a poor sick man, who says his little boy has not got any mother like me."

"Now Carroll," said his mother, "I don't think a sick man wants a sweet potato, but, child, you shall have some nice custard to take him. I reckon

that will suit him better; don't you?" Then she turned to her friend, saying, "Lulu, don't you want to go over to the hospital to-morrow?"

"Lillie, I would like to go, but you know I have just passed through a fiery ordeal, and another time I may not come forth unscathed. Let Carroll take the things over, but my advice to you is, keep away. You know I speak from bitter experience: I nursed a serpent, and it turned and stung me."

As the ladies strolled into the garden, whom should they see but Carroll perched upon the gate post, singing at the top of his voice,

"Kind words will never die."

His mother went up to him, and putting her arms tenderly around him, said, "My son, who taught you that?"

"Why, mamma, the soldier learned me that yesterday."

Just then a friend entered the gate, who said to Lillie, "If I were in your place, I would keep Carroll from those Yankees. You know what a precocious child he is, and presently he will be engrafted with their puritanical principles. As for me, I would just as lief meet old Satan in my path as a Yankee."

Carroll looked straight into her face, and said soberly:

"Mrs. Howell,

'Kind words will never die.'"

The lady blushed at this rebuke, and no more was said upon the subject. Lillie took the child down from his perch, and they all went in to tea.

Some time afterwards, they again came out on the lawn; the moon was clear and bright, and as the delightful music of the stirring old "Star-spangled Banner" floated out upon the evening air, Lulu remarked, "Ah! how we used to love those old familiar strains. Could the honored man who wrote it have seen the terrible convulsions in which this great nation now writhes, he would have cried out,

'Dissolve the Union! Speak, ye hills,
Ye everlasting mountains cry,
Shriek out, ye stream and mingling rills,
And ocean, roar in agony.
Dead heroes leap from glory's sod,
And shield the manor of our God.'

Indeed, that is what our noble boys in gray are trying to do on the field of battle—to shield the manor that their sires have fought for—

'When, breast to breast, and brand to brand,
Our patriot fathers freed the land.'

Oh! there is nothing so calamitous as civil war. When brother rises against brother, one leaves the field with the mark of Cain upon his brow."

As the familiar sounds were wafted to their ears, Lillie said, "Only to think, Lulu, that those lines were written by one of Maryland's noble sons. Ah! now our boys march off, singing,

'The despot's heel is on thy shore,
His foot is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland.'"

While they were talking the music ceased, the tattoo beat, and all was still again. The moon seemed to be smiling down upon Dame Nature, decked in her spring robes. The ladies soon after retired.

Early the next morning, the promised custard was made, and Carroll and old Uncle Ben trudged off. Carroll would have his sweet potato and great big apple. He soon became the pet of the regiment, but nothing could keep him from shouting out,

"Stonewall Jackson, with his bully little crew,
Oh! won't he make the Yankee's sing,
Hop-de-doo-dle-do."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNEXPECTED RETURN.

Some days after this an open carriage drove into the court; a lady and gentleman alighted. Lulu ran out, and was soon clasped in her sister Amelia's arms, who exclaimed, "Now, Lulu, you must make up your mind to go back with us."

After the greeting between the sisters Lulu turned to the gentleman, and gave him her hand, saying, "Why, Major, is it you? How do you do? You really look like you had just escaped from the rebels."

"Ha! ha! you are a pretty good guesser, Miss Lulu," said the Major. "Old General Stewart pounced upon the quartermaster stores of General Pope. As we were waiting to be called to supper, our listening ears were startled with that infernal yell of the reb's (excuse me, ladies), but before we could say Jack Robinson, we were surrounded by your 'beloved brethern,' and marched down to Warrington without supper. But here I am, you see: I came all the way from Warrington just as I am, to capture you for spite, and carry

you back in triumph. Of course, I would not be so ungallant to take you by force of arms, but by force of theatre tickets, knowing you had too much good sense, or rather too kind a heart, to let me go alone or be disappointed after my recent capture and escape."

"Well! come into the house," said Lulu, "and when you have refreshed yourself, you must regale our eager ears with the story of your escape, and then we will start for home."

"Agreed," said the Major; and they passed into the house, where they were introduced to Lillie, and her wonderful son.

THE MAJOR RELATES HIS ADVENTURES.

While they were waiting for the carriage, the Major told of his escape.

"Well, Miss Lulu," said he, "as you always had your own way, I will obey you.

"After eating our supper, and taking every vestige of clothing away from us, the rebels marched us off. General Stewart was mounted on a splendid charger, and as I had known him from boyhood, I did not fear him in the least. So when the soldiers urged me onward I said in plain English, 'D——d if I would walk another step; if they wanted me to go through Warrenton they would

have to give me something to ride.' So I managed to get near the General, when I bawled out, 'I say, General, I can't walk. You ought to know me well enough for that, I think, as often as we have scoured this part of the country together.'

"The General turned at the sound of my voice and grasped my hand, and said that he was sorry that he had to take me prisoner; but if I had been on the right side would never have happened. But such were the fortunes of war.

"Well, I walked on by the side of his horse until I was nearly ready to faint, for the sun was broiling upon my hatless head.

"The General ordered me a horse, and they gave me a little mustang pony. I knew well what he was worth, and forthwith contemplated making my escape.

"When we entered Warrenton the porches were crowded with ladies and children shouting a welcome to their warriors. More than that: they had little negroes with buckets of coffee, which they brought through the ranks, and each lady giving a cup of coffee, and a roll to each soldier. At length we passed through, amid shouts and waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies, and the little negroes grinned at us, like we were so many wild animals.

"That night we encamped in the woods. About

two o'clock there arose a fearful thunder-storm, during which I got my mustang in readiness, and as I knew every part of the country I succeeded in getting out of camp and by a vivid flash of lightning I saw a squad of the enemy approaching. There was no alternative but to go into a deep ravine. I found it deeper than I expected. My mustang gave a plunge, and we both rolled over and lodged at the bottom; but my precious beast was equal to the emergency, for he seemed to be trained, and acted his part well. He first planted one foot and then the other in the clay, and I was surprised to find myself at the top of the ravine in so short a time.

"You may depend upon it I did not wait long. I looked cautiously around, and finding my way clear, I bounded off in double-quick time. When I reached the outskirts of the woods, I found myself face to face with three mounted cavalry, who saluted me as I passed them. Of course they mistook me for one of their own men (as you did, Miss Lulu).

"I stopped for nothing after that, I'll assure you. So in this dilapidated condition, I soon reached Washington, and not finding you there to console me for my losses, I thought I would come in pursuit of the runaway, and with your permission take you back with me."



"'Deed, Miss Lulu, dey neber Fit fer me!"—*Incident of the Grand Review.*

In another hour the friends separated, and the trio started for the city; but they had not proceeded far, when they were accosted by a sentinel to halt (being near an encampment). The man approached the carriage and insisted upon examining it. The Major protested against any such thing, telling the soldier that he was Major S——, of the quarter-master's department. By that time several soldiers had gathered about the carriage, and Lulu gave them apples, with which she was well supplied. They seemed well pleased, and proceeded, but they had not gone far before the sharp report of a musket rang out upon the night air, the horses gave a fearful plunge as the sentinel commanded them to halt; the Major told him also that he was a Union officer.

This sentinel was exceedingly rough. When the Major spoke to him he laughed in derision, saying, "Yes, you look like a Union officer, don't you, with them old dabs on. Now you don't play that game on me, old fellow; you just git out of this wagon, and come along with me, or I'll bet the first thing you know you won't know nothing—that's all."

Just then the Major spied an officer who was a friend of his, and he halloed to him, when the officer obeyed the summons, and grasped the Major's hand, who told him how rough the sentinel had been.

The officer laughed good-humoredly, and said: "Well, old boy, I myself would have taken you for a spy or some prowler. I should never have thought to find the gallant Major S—— in that plight. Why, what has come o'er the spirit of your dream, old boy?"

The Major confessed to his friend that he had ordered a fine suit of clothes, "and when I get back to Washington they will be ready for me," said he. "Well, old boy, if you had been in my place, and have that incorrigible old reb, Stewart, to make a flank movement and strip you of everything, you would have been in just such a plight as I am. I found I could not stay around the city, so I thought I would go on a raid and capture the first rebel lady that I could find. So here let me introduce you to my friends;" and the Major introduced the officer to the ladies, who in turn chatted a little while, then at parting gave a cordial invitation to the officer to visit them in Washington. After the adieus were spoken, they drove off in fine style, Lulu throwing apples to the soldiers, telling them that they were Jeff Davis' bullets; at which the soldiers laughed and said "they shouldn't mind standing under such a fire all the time with such fair gunners;" and the soldiers gave three cheers as they drove out of sight.

Nothing else transpired upon the road, and in a few hours more they arrived safely at home, where everything was in readiness for them. After tea the major entertained them with further details of his journey, which was quite amusing; among other things, an old negro accosted him, while crossing a swollen stream, with, "I say, Mar's Major, you'll neber git 'long dat way: if you want to git 'long at all, you'll have to just bar up stream, bar up stream, I say. Got any 'bacco, Major? dis poor nigger can't afford a good chew nowdays."

So the Major thought he would "bar up stream," and soon landed safely on his sure-footed beast upon *terra firma*. But the best joke of all was that he made his escape from a band of rebels to go straight into another ambuscade, although he gallantly said that when ladies presented arms he would cry out, "Fall in, boys, fall in."

We must now leave our friends in Washington and Maryland to enjoy themselves as best they can on this gloriously beautiful night, and we must see what is going on in other parts of the South. We must drop the curtain upon the re-united family, and wish them a kind good-night.

CHAPTER IX.

"LOVE CONQUERS PRIDE."

In a handsomely furnished parlor in the city of New Orleans sat two lovely young girls. One was exceedingly fair and delicate, her golden hair hung loosely around her pearly shoulders, her lovely blue eyes, which were raised to the face of her companion, were filled with tears. Such was Nellie Curran, the orphan heiress. Her friend, who held her tiny hand within her own, seemed at that moment to read her very thoughts with her piercing black eyes, as she said:

"Nellie, I say, you must not grieve your young life away. I tell you, if he loves you, he will not stay away much longer. I cannot conceive why or how he could throw such love as yours away; were I in your place, I would spurn, I would loathe him. Come, child, you are foolish to weep: you should water the graves of our noble dead with those precious dew-drops, they are far too precious to be shed for or upon a low-born Yankee."

The speaker was a wondrously beautiful girl of eighteen, tall and well formed, with a profusion of

bluish black hair, which was braided and crossed over her elegantly formed head; her eyes were large, black, and bright as stars; her teeth were of dazzling whiteness, and her features clearly cut. Altogether, May Lee was a regally beautiful woman as she uttered the last words in a scornful tone. Nellie sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"May Lee, I tell you that Louis Talmadge is no low-born Yankee, as you infer. I am ashamed of you. Oh, to think that one of my best friends should say such a thing in my presence. You know Louis is a gentleman." And Nellie sat down and wept bitterly.

At this moment a servant entered with a letter, which he handed to May Lee as he said: "Miss May, a young Yankee gemman is in de hall waiting for de answer; he said he would like to see Miss Nellie, but I dun told him Miss Nellie ain't home."

"Here's a letter for you, Nellie; I hope it will explain the long silence and absence. I trust for your sake, dear girl, that he may be able to exculpate himself;" and May Lee said this haughtily as she handed the letter to her friend.

Poor Nellie snatched the letter from the extended hand, broke the seal and read the following aloud:

Miss Nellie Curran:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the illness of Captain Louis Talmadge. Having discovered through his delirium his feeling of regard for yourself, I can no longer restrain the desire that I have to write you of his condition, with the hope that you will soon come to see him, for I really think that were your face the first upon which he gazed when consciousness returned, it would have a happy effect upon him.

I humbly beg your pardon for thus intruding upon your valuable time, but loving Louis as I do must be my excuse.

Anxiously awaiting your reply,

I am your obedient servant.

C. L. Henry,

Surgeon of the Regiment.

"O May, now you can see that Louis is not false;" and Nellie arose and folded the letter, saying, "Poor Louis, poor Louis, to think that he has been stretched upon a bed of sickness while I have been imagining all sorts of things about him. Oh! 'tis joy to know that I have been in his uppermost thoughts all through his illness. I am indeed happy in my misery;" and Nellie sat down to write an answer to Dr. H——.

As she did so May leaned over her chair and said tauntingly, "Now, Nellie, were I you, I would pour out my whole heart upon paper, for the inspection of the Yankee surgeon. You know Louis will never see that note; and another thing, you should be cautious what you say on paper: some-

times it is as forked-tongued lightning, for as the lightning blasts the oak that has weathered the storm of centuries, so in these times the wording of a letter may blast the reputation of a young girl. Now, beware, do not commit yourself upon paper, for remember it is no small thing for the daughter of a rebel chief to love a Yankee soldier."

As May ceased speaking, Nellie looked up into her face, and said with the tears choking her utterance:

"Why, May Lee, I am surprised at a girl like yourself to say such harsh things. You know as well as I do that Louis Talmadge is a gentleman by birth and education; there is no blemish upon his escutcheon. Why are you so implacable in your hatred to him? I'm sure that he never harmed you, May. You must remember, too, that I have loved Louis from childhood; he was my early playmate, and he loves me with all his pure manly heart, and I am not going to give him up because he has chosen a different path to that in which I choose to tread. No, I will go to him at once, for I well know if poor papa were living he would sanction my going this very minute;" and she arose and left the room.

When May found herself alone, she walked

across the room and wrung her hands in agony At last she seemed completely exhausted, and sitting upon a chair, rested her head upon her folded arms upon the table.

As she sat thus the door slowly opened, and a tall, handsome young man entered softly. He seemed greatly surprised at seeing May in this attitude of grief, and having his hand still on the knob of the door seemed to survey calmly the situation. Seeing May did not move, he approached her in silence, then laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, when she arose quickly and confronted him. All her features distorted with rage, she almost screamed out:

"What! you here again, after having been forbidden the house! Begone, I say, Ralph Walton, and never cross my path again. I hate you! Now, there!"

The young man stood before her with his arms folded upon his broad chest, his head thrown back in proud defiance, and his great blue eyes fairly emitting flames of fire.

As May ceased speaking she leaned her hand upon the table, her great black eyes flashing fire upon him. Thus those two who had been lovers stood confronting each other. At last the silence was broken by Ralph, who said:

"May Lee, you have this day driven me from your presence like you would a hound; but mark my words, girl—Ralph Walton is not the man to heed the caprice of a girl, nor yet does he ever forget an insult. Were you a man, I would knock you down; but as you are a woman, I cannot lay violent hands upon you. You know you have the advantage there, but I will conquer you yet." Then unfolding his arms, he leaned his hand upon the table and said softly, "Come, May, let us be friends, for well I know that it is not your best nature that you have arrayed yourself in to-day. Something has crossed you, child: look up, May, and tell me what it is: won't you?" and Ralph leaned over her tenderly and took her hand within his own, when she leaned her head upon the table and burst into tears.

Poor Ralph was quite overcome at the sight of May's tears, and as all other brave men, he forgot his anger and kneeled upon one knee before her. Still holding her hand in both of his, he spoke in supplicating tones: "May, May, can you not give me one little word of kindness? You know, May, that I love you dearer than life, and in your softer moods I think that love reciprocated; therefore I forgive those harsh words that you have just uttered. I know the cause—it is because

I cannot accomplish an impossibility. The man you wish me to abduct is now upon the verge of the grave—perhaps now he is being robed for the tomb; don't pursue him with such relentless fury, my darling. Look up! be a woman, not an avenging Nemesis.

May ceased weeping, and smoothing back the clustering curls from the marble brow of Ralph said softly:

"Ralph, you have won. Oh! I wish that I could account for my sudden outbursts of temper; I know it will make me miserable for life. You know before this war no one ever saw me in such tantrums; but now, if I am thwarted in any of my undertakings, I seem to lose all control over myself."

But Ralph interrupted her by saying, "Never mind, May: just tell me that you love me, and all will be forgotten."

May laid one hand in his and raising the other to heaven, said solemnly: "I swear to you, Ralph, that I love you better than any one else on earth; and I humbly ask your forgiveness, and will try in the future to govern both my temper and my tongue. Now will you forgive me, Ralph?" And imprinting a kiss upon his white brow, May arose to leave. But Ralph was far too quick for her:

he not only forgave, but showed it by taking her in his arms, and covering her brow, cheeks and lips with passionate kisses. "Now darling," said he, "I do forgive; are you satisfied? Come, let us sit upon yonder sofa, and have a long, old-fashioned talk."

He then led her to the sofa, and seating himself beside her, threw his arms lovingly around her waist and said, gayly,

"Well, my pet, as the terrible storm has blown over, and as I have failed to capture poor Louis, perhaps it is as well I have not failed to secure the only prize that I care for in this world. Now tell me, darling, must I still pursue with relentless fury to capture Louis because he is a Yankee?"

May stood before him, said with a bright, happy smile, "No, my prayer shall be for his recovery, and that Nellie may find the same happiness that I have. Now, sir, you have kept your word. You have won; as you said you would conquer, so you have."

CHAPTER X.

"THE STARTLING DISCOVERY."

It was an ugly, disagreeable night; the wind swept around the house, then died away in piteous moans. Vivid flashes of lightning almost blinded two old negro men as they tried to weather the storm, and the rain descended upon them in fitful gusts, when one of them burst out with, "I say, Pompy, I'se gwine to take to my heels, I is;" and suiting the action to the wood, poor Pompy was left in the lurch, wondering why Bob "couldn't walk 'long home like a peaceable nigger should, widout cutting up like a young gal."

Pompy was grumbling to himself trudging along towards the house, which Bob had reached in safety, and was at the door to welcome old Pompy with, "I say, Pompy, you'd better come 'long fast; you see it's gwine to rain in arnest. Come, hurry up, old boy." Then lowering his voice, he said, "Look here now: dar is two ob Mar's Ben Butler's boys in here, dar is; you better look out for yer watch, you had. Mind you, I won't be 'sponsible, I won't."

After this bright speech the two old men entered, and there sat two Federal soldiers chatting with the wife and daughter of old Bob, who did not seem to like it much; but as he whispered to Pompy, "he'd have to grin and bear it, he reckoned, for he'd never be a white man if he didn't."

So with a scrape or two of the feet and a bow of the head he approached the soldiers, and said respectfully, "I say, Mas'r gemmen, Bob is mighty well pleased to see you on sich good terms wid my Polly and Hannah. I hope you'll take no offence when I ax you if you intend to act *onerable* wid my women. My Hannah, you see, is a lubly young gal, well edicated too. I reckon she's fit fur any siety, she is," and with a twirl or two of the hat Bob continued: "My compliments, gemmen, how is Mar's Ben Butler? I spose he ain't gwine to let our young ladies walk 'bout de streets no more, is he, gemmen?"

The soldiers laughed outright at this harangue of Uncle Bob's, and as soon as they could find utterance said, "Well, old man, I guess the ladies won't want to walk around much when they see us about. You know the order of our General, don't you? If we capture a pretty woman, why, we have a right to her. That's it, old fellow. I came near catching one the other day: she was coming up the

street when we turned the corner, when I steps up to her, and lifts my hat in gallant style. Says I, 'Miss, can I have the pleasure of seeing you home?' Well, if that young one's eyes didn't blaze like fire, I hope I may never stir from here. She turned upon me, and screaming to the top of her voice, says she, 'You Yankee rascal, do you think that I would wipe my feet upon a Northern *mudsill?*' Well, sir, after that I didn't care for anything: I just spit my tobacco juice anywhere, right over her dress, and says I, 'My pretty creature, I'll just fix you off, and right away too. Now you just got to kiss me, and no more about it. I belong to Butler's squad, I do, so here goes;' and I made for her, and she screamed, and I caught her around the waist, and just as I was agoing to kiss her, one of your young bloods came round the corner, and before I could say "Jack Robinson," he gave me a blow with his cane (which I believe was loaded), and I fell sprawling on the pavement. Well, the girl had time to escape, but I swore vengeance on all rebel women, and I've had enough too, for one Yankee soldier, as you call us. I've kissed more girls since that day than I ever did before; but you needn't be afraid, old boy, for your gals are perfectly safe. I like to bring down high game myself. We're the boys for New Orleans girls; they will get enough of the mudsills of the

North; they will have to bite the dust yet, my darkies."

"Oh! don't say dat, mar's—please, sir, don't; for dar is Miss Nellie gwine to marry dat young Mar's Captain Talmadge. I dun tell you, sar, if Mar's Captain was to hear you dem dar say dat, I tell you, sar, he wouldn't like it a bit; for he dun played wid Miss Nellie when she war nothing but a little gal, and law, mar's, my little Hannah dar play wid dem too. You better not let Mar's Captain hear you say anything about de young ladies."

"Yes, but look here, old nig. Mar's Captain (as you call him) don't know our business; he's laying over yonder raving about the gal yet; he don't know nothing, he don't. Now our General gave orders that any girl that made a mouth at us, or said anything sassy to any of Uncle Sam's boys, why just shut her up as quick as wink, and if we could get any of them we was welcome."

At the conclusion of this bright speech the two men arose to go. They looked out into the darkness, saying, "Well, old Bob, I think it's done raining, and we had better scoot for camp."

Bob arose with great reluctance, and said, "I reckon you better had, gemmen. Good-night, gemmen; good-night," and Bob bowed the two men out the door. After shutting the door and securing the

fastenings Bob returned to where the others sat, saying seriously, "Now, Pompy, mind old Bob—dem white niggers is bound on some mischief, I tell you, dis night. I got a secret for your ear by itself, when de women folks gone to bed." Turning to his wife and Hannah, who sat nodding, he said, "Hannah, chile, you can't keep your eyes open no longer; you and mudder had better go along to bed. I'se gwine to stay up a little while wid Pompy."

Here Pompy drew a pipe from his pocket, and filling it with tobacco, handed the tobacco to Bob. Pompy lit his pipe and said:

"I say, Bob, what fur dem white men come round here fur? Dey look mighty sneaking and 'spicious, deed dey do. Golly, I'd like to wring dar necks just like chickens."

Bob, grinning from ear to ear, said, "Now, Pompy, don't git jealous; tain't our women dey's arter: but you know I'se got some silver quarter dollars, and dey knows it, and dey think dat I'se gwine to show it to dem some day and den dey will snatch it and run; but Lor' a massa, dey neber was more mistaken in dar lives. But come, Pompy, what's dat you's gwine to tell dis child? De women folks is gone now, and we is all alone in our glory, and Mar's William used to say."

Pompy looked around cautiously, then leaned

his head near Bob's, and said, "Now, Bob, I'se gwine to tell you something dat will make you open your eyes. You know dat Mar's Butler has gone and rob de bank of all Miss Nellie's papers and silver."

Old Bob jumped up so suddenly that he overturned his chair. He took Pompy by the arm, and looking straight into his eyes, exclaimed:

"Look a here, Pompy, don't lie to dis old nigger. Did Mar's General Butler go right into dat bank and take dem silver things out? *Does dey white folks know it?*"

"None but Miss May knows it, and Mar's Ralph he wer a swearing like a Yankee. I tell you, Bob, he dun say dat he would hunt ole Mar's Butler to to death 'fore he should have dat silver. Lor' me, he's dun gone and hide dat silver somewhar till dis war is over, dat's all;" and Pompy puffed away with his pipe.

Poor old Bob sat with his face in his hands, and said:

"Well! did ever dis nigger think he'd ever come to dis, to see dat family silver all gone! Oh! I wish dey had left Mar's Lincoln home splitting logs afore they thought of setting us free. I don't want to be free. I'd rather be a slave this day and have all of Mar's silver. Why, Pompy, you know dat silver's older den me or you is. Poor chile, poor

Miss Nellie, when she finds all dat stole out de bank I think she will have to go crazy. It is de worst thing dat ever happened to dis country dis war is, I tell you. Why, our white ladies won't be able to lift up dar heads no more. But come, Pompy, I'se heard enough; let's go to bed. I ain't gwine to sleep nohow; I want to think about how to get *dat silver;*" and they both arose and left the room. But Bob soon forgot about the silver, for in a short time you could have heard him snorting like a locomotive, so we must be satisfied with that much of the history of the stolen silver, and how the startling discovery was made.

CHAPTER XI.

"THE MEETING IN THE HOSPITAL."

THE hospital was as clean and neat as a new pin; the cot beds were nicely arranged in rows of four, with a stand between every two; some of the patients were able to sit up and play chess, others were reading; some faces wore bright smiles because they had "good news from home." "Oh, how welcome to the absent!"

Well, our particular attention is drawn to a patient in the centre aisle. He tossed from side to side, moaning most piteously. The surgeon bends affectionately over him, and smoothes his beautiful rich brown curls from his white brow. Alas! he knows it not, but moans, and the surgeon bends down his ear to catch the name of "Nellie," when he turned away, and walked to the foot of the cot, and stood with his arms folded, looking sorrowfully at the patient. He said aloud:

"Oh, will she never come! Cruel, cruel girl, to tarry so long. Is my poor Louis to die without her, and without reason? O God! O God!"

He then approached the side of the bed, and

took the hand of Louis—stood with his watch in the other hand, when there was a rustle of a dress near him. He turned his head quickly, and saw a young girl approaching the bed. He laid the hand upon the coverlid, and extending his hand to the lady, said:

"Oh! I am so glad you have come. Miss Nellie Curran, I presume."

Nellie bowed and said, "It is, sir. This is, I presume, Dr. Henry."

Thus these two, who were to figure so largely afterward, met. Nellie approached the bed, and leaned lovingly over Louis, who still tossed and moaned. The doctor handed Nellie a chair, which she took mechanically, after gazing intently upon the sick man. She asked the doctor how long had he lain in that condition. He told her that he had been delirious some days, and that during his ravings he continually called upon her, and he had taken the liberty to indite the epistle which brought her to his side, which he hoped would be the means of restoring him to health and life. I have often heard of such things, Miss Nellie, and in fact have witnessed the same.

The doctor left Nellie, and she laid her hand gently on the brow of Louis. At first he was very restless, but after awhile it seemed to have a

soothing effect, and when the doctor came around again he had fallen off in a quiet slumber. The doctor was both surprised and delighted, and said to Nellie, "that if she had so much power as that, he wished that she would remain some time."

Nellie and the doctor were at once the best friends. The doctor was a thoroughbred gentleman, and his gentleness and suavity of manner soon won the esteem of Nellie, and she entered freely into conversation, which caused the good doctor to exclaim: "Why, Miss Nellie, I am surprised to find that you are not alarmed at being in company with 'Yankees,' as you term us."

Nellie looked up into the doctor's face and said, "Doctor, I acknowledge the gentleman anywhere, for I would be ashamed of my country if we could not boast of having gentlemen on both sides of the question, and in both sections. You must remember, doctor, that at one time we were a large family, and you know there are such things as family jars; and I suppose that although this is rather a serious one, we may term it one. But pray do not let us touch upon politics, for, as you are aware, I have been a great loser in this terrible strife. Father, brother, and cousin, all gone, and here lies all that is dear to me on earth. Is he, too, to be snatched from me? Nellie clasped her hands,

and raised her eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "O Father, it is more than I can bear; spare, oh! spare him."

The doctor took Nellie's hand gently, saying, "Come, Miss Nellie, I think that he will live; see how quietly he sleeps; why, dear child, he has not slept for many, many days. This must be the crisis. Stay by him; I bid you hope. The magnetism of this little hand is indeed wonderful. I really believe when he awakes he will be conscious. Keep near him, and let your face be the first he looks upon, and I'll bet my life that all will be well."

The doctor after giving Nellie directions left her by the bedside of Louis. She sat gazing upon the emaciated form. At last he moved his hand. Nellie saw the movement and placed her hand in his. He opened his eyes wearily, and they rested upon Nellie, who sat perfectly still, as she had been told to do by the doctor.

Louis seemed to be studying Nellie's face, he lay so quietly. At last he closed his eyes and heaved a sigh. Nellie called gently, "Louis! Louis!" Her voice seemed to rouse him; he opened his eyes wide, and tried to speak. Nellie kneeled by his side, and cried: "Louis, O Louis, don't you know me? I am your own Nellie. Louis, come back to life, come back to me, or I shall die."

She arose from her knees, and pouring some cordial in a glass, gave it to him. He drank it, and when she laid his head back upon the pillow he whispered faintly "Nellie." That was enough; she knew that he recognized her. She wet his lips again with cordial; he lay still as death.

When the doctor came along, he was greatly surprised at finding such a favorable change in his patient and friend. He took Nellie's hand, and said, "Oh! this little hand has done more than I could in a week; but, Miss Nellie, you must keep perfectly still, or I will not answer for the consequence. So far, so good; but he is completely exhausted from his long delirium. I will now give him a sleeping potion, and when he awakes he will be all right."

Nellie was soon rewarded by seeing Louis restored to consciousness; he recognized her when he awoke, and said, "Oh, my darling, my darling, how happy I am that you are with me! I so much feared that I would lose you forever."

"O Louis, as I watched you, how often have I thought that death would snatch you from me! All, all else are gone, and oh! how I prayed that you might be spared. And now let us thank our heavenly Father that he has let this bitter cup pass from my lips."

For many days Nellie watched beside the couch of Louis; it was she who guided his feeble footsteps, but at last she was rewarded. Louis could walk in the garden, and as he was able to be about in the fresh air, he was soon invigorated thereby, and gradually recovered his health. After he was able to get about, Nellie sent him all the delicacies, of which the good doctor partook; and it was noticed that Louis always had flowers in the button-hole of his coat: who sent them we may surmise.

One evening the doctor and Louis were conversing, when the doctor spoke up suddenly:

"Louis, do you know I firmly believe if it had not been for the kindness of Miss Nellie in coming to you when you were ill, I don't believe you would be living this day. I tell you, boy, I had despaired of your life; but I pledge you my word, it was not more than three hours before she put you off to sleep."

Louis said in surprise, "Why, doctor, how could that have been?"

"Why, I'll tell you," said the doctor. "When she heard you call her name, the tears welled up into her lovely eyes, and she smoothed back your damp hair, and somehow or other she kept passing her hand over your brow, and finally you dropped off to sleep. So here you are in the full restoration, of

health 'Please God,' as the rebs say. By the way, Louis, I am going to set my cap for one of those very *rebuels* (rebels). You are a lucky dog, I declare!"

Louis said laughingly: "Well, doctor, I really wish you success; for I am so happy myself that I can afford to wish any other fellow joy. Now, my dear old fellow, with your permission I will call upon my inamorata forthwith, and now I leave you to enjoy your quiet siesta. Adieu."

So saying, Louis left, the good doctor gazing after him.

CHAPTER XII.

"THE EVENING CALL, AND ITS RESULTS."

As Louis entered the handsome drawing-room on W—— Street, he did not fail to see two persons in the deep recess of the window. They were so deeply engrossed in conversation that they did not observe his entrance, therefore he had ample time to scrutinize them closely: they were strangers to him.

One was a lady of rare beauty, tall and elegantly formed, with a rich profusion of golden hair caught lightly into a net. She raised her hand with an angry gesture, and Louis saw that it was exquisitely beautiful. She was addressing a gentleman, apparently about twenty-eight years of age, in this wise.

"You need not trouble yourself about it now, for you shall not have one farthing while I live. You have chosen your own course, now you must abide by it."

The young man turned his flashing eyes upon her as he said:

"Marie! I hate you for the words you have jus'

spoken. I know that I have chosen my course, and, let the worst come, I will maintain my dignity as a Southern gentleman. I shall marry 'this poor girl,' as you term her; but remember she is not cast upon our charities, for you well know that she was among us before this trouble came. It was she who taught our little sister; you have yourself acknowledged that she has always deported herself with true womanly dignity, and the only objection you can raise is, that she is not a Southern aristocrat. I am aware that she has the misfortune to be bred and born in the North, but I love her, and intend, if God's willing, to make her my honored wife. Now I shall not wait until the war is over. Now, sister, you can disown me if you will; as you say, I am determined to pursue the course I have marked out. I shall marry in three weeks from this."

"Well, marry her if you will, Fred, but you shall not bring her home; nor shall she, if you fall in battle, touch one cent of my father's money, for that is all that she is manœuvring for; she thinks, as your widow, she will be entitled to her thirds. But mark you, boy, she shall never recover one cent;" and as Marie said this she clinched her hands in anger.

Fred turned upon his heel as he retorted, "Very

well, Marie, if I cannot get your sanction to this arrangement, I shall do without it. So farewell, sister mine; but remember that when you are in distress, you have only to look to my wife for comfort and sympathy. You are angry now, but I know your better nature too well to believe that you will remain angry with me long. You know, Marie, that we are orphans; but remember when you are in distress you have the strong arm of your brother to lean upon. Although you cast him off, he will ever be ready and willing to return to vouchsafe his protection to his orphan sister. But mark my words, there will be another Yankee alliance in our family yet. Now good-by, Marie;" and before she could hinder him he was gone.

As Fred left the room he was met by Nellie, whom he grasped cordially by the hand, and exclaimed, "Well, well, I wish you joy, and wish you to do the same by me, for we are both going to marry Yankees. So hurrah for the Union!" And Fred sang out—

> "The Union of hearts and the Union of hands,
> And the flag of our Union forever."

"If we cannot sing all the song, we can sing tha much, can't we, Nell?" he continued. "I say, Nell. suppose we have a double wedding on Thursday

next, and while Louis and I are in the field, popping away at each other, our two little wives can be at home praying for our safety, and begging the good Lord, that if we are trying to get at each other, we may not hurt one another. But seriously, Nellie, you know that I believe in woman's prayers. I remember my sainted mother;" and Fred bowed his handsome head in reverence, as Nellie grasped his hand, as she said, "Fred, if Louis is agreed, we will have a double wedding on Thursday. Now good-by, and may God bless you Come in this evening, and I will report."

As Nellie came in the room, Louis arose and extended his arms, and Nellie was soon clasped to his heart. When he released her, and took her to the sofa and seated her, he still retained the little white hand in his, and he related the conversation which he had overheard between the brother and sister, and he continued:

"Now, Nellie, as I am in the secret, will you answer me one question?—will you consent to give me that right which I have so long desired. Will you consent to have a quiet wedding, say let it be Thursday morning, and let it take place here in this very room. Dearest, shall it be so?" And as he awaited the answer he covered her face with kisses.

Nellie said, smiling and blushing, "Louis, I don't

know why you are in such great haste, but if it pleases your lordship, I will consent on one condition—that there shall be a double wedding. Fred Mortimer is to be married on that particular morning, and it would be so pleasant for both to stand up at once. It shall be a very quiet affair: we will reverse our positions—you will marry a rebel, and he will marry a Yankee girl."

After a little more conversation that is not intended for any but lovers' ears, Louis arose to take leave. He said that he would expect to claim his bride on Thursday.

When Louis left, Nellie was met by Marie, who told her of the interview between her brother and herself, and asked her advice upon the subject of receiving her sister-in-law.

"Well now, Marie," said Nellie, "you have perhaps come to the very last person to give you advice, for I must plead guilty of the same crime. I am to be married to a Yankee officer on Thursday, and *vice versâ*. Now you have the truth, I hope you are not angry."

As she said this, Nellie threw her arms around the neck of Marie, who held her tightly to her breast, and passed her hand softly over her white forehead, also imprinting several kisses thereon. At the same time she said:

"Nellie, dear, you have broken down the barrier of pride. I am sorry that I spoke so harshly to poor Fred; he is so noble and kind, and I don't know when the terrible news may reach me that he has fallen on the field of battle. Then indeed I will be left alone in the world. Oh! if he were only here, that he could hear me, and I could only hear his words of forgiveness, I would be happy. Poor Fred, poor Fred;" and the poor girl burst into tears.

Nellie tried to pacify Marie by telling her of the approaching wedding, which greatly surprised her friend. Here the matter rested.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. The servants set everything in order, for, as they said, a surprise party. About eleven o'clock two carriages drove up to the door, and from one alighted a lady in a neat suit of gray, and a tall, handsome gentleman in black, with white vest and gloves; and from the other carriage alighted three gentlemen—an elderly one in black and one in full uniform, and the other a surgeon of the United States Army. In a few moments more we see them in the drawing-room, where they were met by two ladies and a gentleman, whom we recognize as our friend.

After the usual salutations, Louis approached May Lee and whispered to her, when she imme-

diately left the room, and soon after returned with the blushing bride, "little Nellie."

Louis approached her gallantly; he really looked handsome in his glittering uniform. As he placed Nellie's hand within his arm, he led her up to the doctor and the clergyman, who in a few moments pronounced them man and wife. Then Fred approached, leading the little figure in gray, and they were soon united. After which they had a pleasant time conversing, until tea was announced. And this was the great surprise party which the servants had expected in the morning.

As they all appear to be happy, we will leave them, trusting that this incident may be typical of the reunion of the States, and I know thousands echoed the same.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE RETURN FROM BULL RUN."

We will now take a trip to Washington City, and we must go back to the first battle of Bull Run.

Oh! what a terrible time that was. At one time the news came that the Federals had gained the day, then every one rejoiced; but about four o'clock the news spread like wildfire that the rebels were victorious, and the Union people were very gloomy. On that Sunday the sun was peculiarly bright, and it was very warm. In the evening the sky had such a lurid glare, as though there were a great fire raging at a distance; but no, there was no fire: it was only from the intense heat of the day.

Well, the next morning, which was Monday, the rain came down in torrents, and with a glass you could discern the Long Bridge filled with people. By and by they came nearer, and then you could see that they were Federal soldiers, that not less than two weeks before had left Washington in the full vigor of manhood. Ah! they were now straggling back, weary and wounded. Oh! what a pitiable sight it was! Some were shoeless, and others were

coatless and hatless, with their heads bound up, some with a coat sleeve, and others with handkerchiefs, and the blood and rain literally pouring from them.

At the sight of this every house was open to them; we knew no difference in friend or foe. The family to which the young girl belonged, whom we met at the Epiphany Hospital, had the table set in the dining-room, with a nice white damask cloth, and china upon it, as though they were going to sit down themselves. Presently a little negro girl brought in two soldiers, as they afterwards said that she told them that her white people would give them something to eat, and therefore they had mustered up courage to come in.

They were seated only a short time, when two of the Seventh Regiment came in (this was the pet regiment, you know). Well, they were in the parlor, which was on the same floor, when the old lady, Mrs. W. whom we have seen before, said to them, "Gentlemen, here are some of your men from the field of Bull Run: won't you come in and see them?"

Now, I don't wish to censure the Seventh Regiment, for they are not responsible for the actions of two; but those two men actually looked through the crack of the door, and after the soldiers were gone

they told the ladies that they did very wrong to let those men come into the house at all; that if they had anything to give, they must let the little mulatto put it in paper and take it to them out on the pavement.

Mrs. W. asked them if that was the way they treated those men who were doing the hard fighting, while they were enjoying all of life's pleasures; for you may be sure the Seventh of New York had every attention from the ladies of Washington, for women are silly all over the world, and the Seventh was the crack regiment: there were very handsome men in it, 'tis true. But as I said, the poor fellows sat a while talking about Bull Run, when Lulu appeared, followed by a servant, who placed on the table some elegant rock fish, fried beautiful and brown, some nice home-made bread and fresh butter, with strong coffee. While Lulu poured out the coffee, one of the two exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "When did we see a table-cloth before?" They then arose and seated themselves at the table, and were eating when two others came in, and it was that way for two whole days. The poor old fellows were very grateful, but I don't think the two first ever forgot the two men of the Seventh, for long after when I met them they recognized me, and spoke of it.

Well, the soldiers were in many houses, and treated kindly by all. Some were in carpenter shops, with nothing but the shavings at first to lie upon. But soon there were mattresses brought, with wine and crackers. The ladies did everything they could to alleviate their sufferings; but many were the amusing things they told about the rebels.

THE MEETING WITH CHARLIE.

And again they would tell of some comrade lying on the road bleeding to death, whom they were obliged to leave, after binding up his wounds as best they could. I remember one Zouave they told of, whose hand had been shot off, and whose strength gave out on the way; so he tore the bandage off, and tore the ligaments asunder with his teeth, and actually bled to death on a lonely road. When his comrades ran back to him, he called out, "Tell the boys I died game," and fell back lifeless, without any fear of death, or without even a prayer upon his lips.

One day I was passing Kidwell's drug-store, when I saw a carriage before the door, and being attracted by something red inside, I took the liberty of looking in, and saw reclining on the seat, apparently asleep, one of the handsomest young men I ever saw. He was extremely pale; the long

eyelashes laid upon his pale cheeks, which made a shadow, and his hair, which was of a rich brown color, was in one mass of curls clustered around his marble brow. His chin was manly and broad, and his lips were red and full. His moustache was long, and curled at the ends. He was certainly a study for a painter. As I was watching him he seemed to be in pain, and awoke and asked the driver where was the doctor. Then I noticed that his foot was bandaged, and lying on the front seat. I stepped up to the carriage door, and asked him if I could do anything for him. He turned his brilliant black eyes upon me, and thanked me in such a musical voice, I shall never forget it. He asked me to get into the carriage and talk to him. I waited until the doctor came out of the drug-store, and when I found the doctor was an old friend and family physician, I consented to enter the carriage, and they drove me home; and on the way home the doctor told me that the surgeon of the regiment had concluded, after a consultation, to amputate his foot. He said in such a pitiful tone, "O doctor, please don't let them do that, I am going to be married to the prettiest and proudest girl in our city, and I am afraid she will not have me when she sees I am a cripple for life." The doctor said, "Well, Char-

lie, if she wouldn't have me with one foot, she shouldn't with two;" but he could not make him laugh.

Poor Charlie begged me to come to see him, while he was in the city. I was with him often, carrying him little delicacies. His great black eyes would brighten at my coming, but the doctor said, "The moment I left, Charlie would close his eyes and compress his lips, and no one ever saw him smile."

One day there came a letter to Charlie that he was released from his engagement. After reading the letter, the poor fellow sank back upon his pillow, lifeless, with the letter clutched in his hand. And when the doctors were called in for consultation, they agreed that he should be removed before the amputation was to take place—that he was too weak now for that.

When Charlie recovered, he asked for me. I went, but oh! what a change. Around his eyes were large dark circles, and he was so emaciated. He called me to him at once, and I bent over him to catch his words, for his voice was very faint. He said, "Maud, do you love Charlie?" I said, "Charlie, I do; and would do anything in the world to restore you to health, happiness and your sweetheart," thinking the last sentence

would make him smile. But instead, I saw my mistake quickly. He frowned fiercely, and said, "Maud, if *you* love me, I die content." I said, "O Charlie, you are not going to die. After the amputation, you will feel like a new man." I leaned down, at his request, and kissed him. He took my hands between his, then kissed them, while the great tears ran down his cheeks. He said, "Good-by, Maud; God bless you. Pray for me."

I kneeled down by his bed and prayed, while his hand rested on my head. When I arose, he took my hand again and smiled—oh! such a sweet, melancholy smile. He did not speak for some time, when he rested his cheek upon my hand, and said:

"Maud, will you miss Charlie? When I am gone, will you sometimes visit my grave, and strew flowers upon it."

I said, "Charlie, don't talk so. You will get well and go home by and by; and when you are an old man, you will lie down to rest with your fathers."

He interrupted me, saying: "No, I will not die at home: I want to die near you. I want to be buried on Southern soil, though I am a Northern man. Read that;" and he thrust the cruel letter

in my hand. Ah! well had it done its work. I think if the heartless woman had seen the effects of her work she would have tried to remedy the evil. Her heart would have softened towards the cripple.

I folded the letter and handed it to him. I had no words—for what could I have said while he held the proof of her falsity? He showed me her photograph; she was a beautiful creature, and as I gazed upon the lovely face I said to myself, "Oh! what a handsome couple they would make! But alas! for the fickleness of woman. He would be a cripple, and she could not bear to be a cripple's wife, no matter if he did lose his limb in fighting for his country. It was a crime to be a cripple: to me it would have been an honor.

When I turned, Charlie was looking at me with those glorious eyes. The doctor came in and said they were ready to move him now, and I must bid him good-by. Charlie threw his arms around me, and kissed me over and over again, and made me promise to pray for him, and write to him. I did so for many days. Alas! soon came the amputation, and poor Charlie sank under the operation. I never saw him again. But I never ceased to think of him, but could never

find his grave. I hope those who know where he is buried will strew it with flowers. It was my task to enclose the cruel letter to the girl who had sent him to his early grave, for with her love he might have had strength enough to bear all. May he rest in peace!

CHAPTER XIV.

A QUIET HOME—HOW LULU MET HER FATE.

We must now return to Lulu, whom we find in the parlor standing by the piano singing; while the little girl whom we saw at the camp of the Twelfth Regiment was seated at the piano, playing "The Bonnie Blue Flag." As they ceased singing, Lulu turned quickly to welcome a very handsome Union officer, who said gallantly: "Miss Lulu, I have been outside listening to that song, and I would beg as a special favor that you repeat it."

Lulu said laughingly: "Why, General, that was 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' and I am surprised that you would want to hear it at all, much less have it repeated; but, however, I will repeat the dose, if you are willing to take it." And the girls again sang the song. When they came to the chorus the General joined heartily, which made the girls laugh, and ask the General which side he was on.

In a little while they were joined by two other officers, who begged them to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner," which, they said, if the gentlemen would sit patiently, they would sing the "South-

ern Star-Spangled Banner." The officers promised, and they sang :

"Can ye bring the dead, the mother's sole joy,
The lone widow's hope, her brave Southern boy,
Give the gray-headed sire his darling, his pride,
The husband again to the heart-broken bride ?
To the famishing orphans their fathers once more,
And their beautiful homes from the ashes restore,
Efface from each link a brother's blood stain ?
If so, ye may hope for the Union again.

"Can ye bring back the dead, our noble, our brave,
Whom Cain-like ye've laid in an untimely grave ?
But a brother's blood crieth to the God of the just,
And forever, like Cain, shall ye wander accursed,
A reproach and a by-word, till ye're bowed down with shame,
And lose among nations your pride and your name.
Ah ! in scorn and contempt are ye held even now,
For the brand of the felon's on each Yankee brow."

Lulu stopped singing, and turning to the officer, said : "General, I hope you will take no offence at those words. They express my sentiments exactly, but you are my guest, and I believe you are all friendly towards me. Therefore I will desist. I will sing no more in this melancholy strain, but will sing the old stirring 'Star-Spangled Banner,' which we as a nation were so proud of. But alas ! that it should be trailed in the dust by those who have the power now. As you have so kindly

listened to our wholesome truth, which I have uttered in song, I do not wish to be personal, nor wound your feelings in any way. I will now remedy the evil as far as I can; so here goes." Here they all joined in heartily, and sang the good old sterling song—

"The Star-Spangled Banner,
O! again may it wave
O'er the land of the free
And the home of the brave."

After which they were all very well satisfied, and the General said:

"Well, Miss Lulu, I hope we may be able to turn you over to our side yet, for we want all such women as you are. Ah! a few such as yourself would cheer our men on to deeds of valor. Now give us another song, and then we will leave for camp."

Lulu laughed, and said she would not sing any more Union songs. So she began with,

"I wish I was in Dixie;
Away, away,
In Dixie's land I'll take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie's land,
Away, away.
Oh! send them back their fierce defiance,
Stamp upon their accursed alliance,
Look away, look away."

She not only sang the song, but acted it, her eyes flashing fire as her little foot came down in a stamp. The gentlemen enjoyed the scene very much, they laughed heartily and shook hands with the ladies, and promising to call at the first opportunity, they took leave.

The next day, as Lulu was walking with two friends, two fine-looking soldiers walked slowly behind them. At last these words reached Lulu's ears: "That's a fine-looking girl: I would like to find out who she is. I'll bet my life she's from the South."

Lulu and her friend quickened their pace, when one of the soldiers said: "I'll bet I can make them look around."

Lulu's companion, who was a very timid girl, said: "Lulu, let's hurry home. I am afraid of those soldiers." Just then the men passed close to Lulu, who said aloud:

"Why, Mattie, you are not afraid of a soldier I hope. You know they are here for our protection, not to insult us. I would not be afraid to go anywhere when I saw a soldier near, for then I would feel safe."

The soldiers never said another word but went their way, and the girls reached home in safety.

But a little while after this occurrence Lulu met

her fate in a Yankee officer, who soon captured the little rebel. This happened in 1863, directly after the battle of Beverly Ford, where Lulu lost a valued friend, which the family were then mourning for. This was the gallant and handsome Captain Charles Canfield, of the Second United States Cavalry.

The mention of his name brings to mind a little incident which occurred a little while before he was ordered into Virginia.

When General Custer was in Washington the captain and himself were then on a little "bender," as they called it. Charlie was the possessor of a marvellously white horse, which was called "Wide-awake," and which was a most sagacious animal. Wide-awake was like his master—he was accustomed to his glass of brandy; and this day in particular he seemed to know that he was in uncommon company, and had some prodigious feat to perform.

Well, the first thing we knew was, that General Custer, with his long yellow hair floating in the breeze, was running a race with Captain C—— up Pennsylvania Avenue, with the mounted police after them. But they were too fleet for the police, and reached their place of destination, amid the cheers of the multitude.

Wide-awake had enough brandy that day, for

everybody crowded around him, and he seemed to understand the flattering encomiums bestowed upon him. He arched his beautiful white neck and neighed—as much as to thank those around. But I am digressing.

I said Lulu met her fate in a Union officer, who called at the house to bring the sad news of the death of Captain Canfield, although the family had heard the news before.

The officer in question, Captain Stuart, was of medium height, elegantly formed, with a beautifully shaped and very small hand; he had large, full blue eyes, and beautiful rich wavy brown hair, and a lovely mustache, slightly curled at the ends, *à la* Van Dyck. When he smiled, he displayed two beautiful dimples, which completely captivated Lulu.

Well, that was how Lulu met her fate. Now let us see how she lost her skirt.

The acquaintance began in June, and the brave Captain called often to see Miss Lulu, and on the fourth of July he solicited her company to witness the fireworks, and they sallied forth to the President's, where thousands were already strolling over the grounds. An hour or two was spent there, the fireworks were over, and everybody was rushing towards the several gates, when Lulu and the Captain said they would take a short cut, and thought

they could see their way clear, in a corner where there was some of the masonry misplaced, the Captain leaped over, and then took Lulu's hand, who gave a spring, and he caught her in his arms. But what a dilemma poor Lulu was in ! Her hoop skirt had caught in something when she jumped off the wall, and she had to let it drop and carry it home in her arms. But long after that the Captain said he remembered the night when Lulu lost her skirt, but caught a husband.

However, they arrived safely at home, and he continued his visits until the next May, when they were married. For as he afterwards said, when he first saw her he made up his mind that if she would have him, he would marry her. And as it was the first time in his life that he had made up his mind to that effect, it would have been a pity for the little rebel to have said no.

On the next morning, which was Sunday and the 15th of July, General Sickles was brought upon a litter to his home opposite to where Lulu lived. It was a solemn sight to see the bier, covered with white, and borne by eight soldiers, with no sound to break the stillness but the heavy tramp of the men. It was only eight days before that he left Washington with his regiment, looking gay and handsome. And now he was brought off the field

of Gettysburg in a helpless and perhaps dying condition; but as we all know, through untiring efforts of the surgeons in charge of him, and the faithful nursing, he recovered, and soon left the city.

Here his poor wife showed her contrition by nursing him faithfully, and when the carriages were at the door on the eve of departure, she was brought out and placed in one; but oh! what a change in the once beautiful woman!—she was so emaciated, one could hardly recognize her.

CHAPTER XV.

"THE TRIP NORTH."

In 1864 Lulu and the Captain were married in the same church where we first saw her, it being then used as a hospital. They started for New York City, where they arrived in safety. Lulu's first impression was that the streets were so narrow and were so densely crowded, that she could scarcely get her breath; but as she was soon caught in the vortex of pleasure, she seemed to forget the inconvenience of narrow streets entirely.

One day, at a dinner party given in honor of the Captain's marriage,—for no one thought that he would ever marry—Captain S—— introduced his wife as his rebel trophy; but little Lulu soon turned the tables upon him by saying, that it was she who had captured a live Yankee. So the laugh was turned upon the Captain, who took the joke remarkably well for one of his fiery temper. They soon left the city for Long Branch, where they remained for some time enjoying themselves finely, having met many friends from the South, among whom we recognize Captain Talmadge and his

rebel trophy, little Nellie, they were accompanied by the peerless May Lee the heiress.

Among some new arrivals one day, there came three young, beautiful girls, accompanied by an old and decrepid lady, who, as they approached the hotel, leaned heavily upon the arm of the youngest of the ladies, who seemed to be really solicitous about the old lady. Of course this attracted the attention of all around.

When they were domiciled and had met Lulu several times, the parties became quite intimate, the youngest girl, "Bella," becoming very much attached to Lulu.

There was, of course, no lack of beaux. I will only speak of one in particular: he was a well-built man of perhaps thirty-eight or forty years of age; he was not in the strictest sense handsome, but there was something irresistible about him when he smiled. Most always his face wore a melancholy expression, but when one could interest him in conversation, then, and only then, could you see that it was the brilliancy of the mind that made him handsome. He was a great linguist, and also a musician.

After the arrival of the young ladies, although, while others crowded around them, he would stand aloof with his arms folded, watching them suspi-

ciously. I could not then tell why he watched them so closely. But time will tell.

There happened to be in the party a young girl of herculean frame and strength, who was passionately fond of rowing. She was in her element when she was on the water, and, as she often remarked to her eager listeners, there was nothing so fearfully grand as when tossed upon the water in a tiny shell of a boat.

This girl feared nothing, and one day persuaded our party to put to sea in a bowl, as she declared she should. Well, she begged an old pilot to carry them through the surf, who consented with great reluctance, for he declared his boat would not livein it.

Yet being an old salt, and as he said he was fond of the ladies, he watched his opportunity, and shot out with his precious freight. After they got out in smooth water Elsie took the oars, and soon pulled out to sea, when a loud clap of thunder showed them their folly in venturing out so far. The storm soon arose, while they were tossed about in the tiny shell.

Crowds gathered on shore to witness the tossing of the boat upon the mad waves, but who could venture out to the rescue?—for surely the little party of weak women,with the old man, would soon be ingulfed in the angry waters.

There stood Martin M——, with his arms folded across his chest, his eyes fixed intently upon the frail boat. He was aroused by Captain Stuart clapping him upon the shoulder with, "Martin, will you let them drown without an effort to save them?"

Martin grasped his hand, and the two men were pale as death. As he said, "God save them!" they were at this moment joined by Louis Talmadge, who, learning who were in the boat, threw off his coat, cried out for a rope to fasten around his waist. This seemed to break the stupor that seemed to enthrall them, and soon ropes were fastened around them, and they plunged into the seething flood and struck out manfully to the rescue.

The boat, which had become unmanageable, rode upon the waves, which fortunately seemed to be coming inland; soon the gentlemen, who were carried first upon one wave, then down with another, arose upon the same wave whereon was the boat, when they grasped it quickly. The rope was let out, and they managed to get into the shell; then a shout arose from those on shore, who had seen all by the vivid flashes of lightning. The rope was drawn in by ready and strong hands, and our gallant friends and the frightened ladies reached the

shore in safety, but in a dilapidated condition. The ladies were taken to the hotel by those who stood waiting for them, and the heroes were surrounded by hosts of male friends, who plied them readily with hot brandy, and wrapped them up in blankets. So they soon recovered from their salt-water *bath*.

The result was that Martin M—— was rewarded with the hand of "Bella," whom he had always loved, and when he asked her to become Mrs. Martin, she demurely said that she owed him her life, and at any time that he choosed to claim it, she was ready.

After this fright, our party soon took their departure. That summer there were several narrow escapes from drowning, but I did not hear of but one fatal case: that was of a young man who was taken with cramps, and before assistance could reach him he sank to rise no more.

On the following December there was a grand wedding at Grace Church. All the *élite* of the city were present, and after a round of pleasure the happy Martin and his lovely Bella started on a tour to the Old World.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SETTLED DOWN—THE SURRENDER OF LEE—THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN."

For some days after the arrival of our party in Washington we find Lulu busy arranging her household. The house was in a fine location near the circle, with a fine large garden attached, and Lulu amused herself by raising chickens and ducks. Every visitor had to be shown this wonderful family. I was greatly amused one evening. When we came near the house we saw Cornelia (a woman as black as charcoal) standing at the side gate with her apron gathered up in her hands, which also contained a slender switch. Directly she saw Lulu her face brightened up with a smile.

"What's that you are holding so carefully, Cornelia?" asked Lulu.

Cornelia opened her apron, and there nestled together a tiny keat and gosling, which Cornelia called Miss Lulu's babies. Those two were constant companions, much to the delight of all who saw them, and especially the Captain, who would sit for hours watching them. The little keat with its

pink feet would jump upon the back of the green gosling, which would run among the corn-stalks or hide in the long grass until it was time to feed, when they would come up with the other fowls. But alas for them! One day they ventured out of the gate, when they were never seen afterward.

Lulu's house was open to all. They used to have grand excursions to Mount Vernon and the surrounding counties, and all who were invited were pleased to accept the invitation, for well they knew that they would have everything on a grand scale.

Well, things continued so until April, 1865, when the news spread like wildfire that General Robert E. Lee had surrendered, and the result was a grand illumination. This took place on Holy Thursday.

It was indeed a magnificent affair. The dome of the Capitol was lighted with a thousand gas jets, and every window in the vast structure was illuminated. Then from there to the President's Mansion was one flood of light. There were the Treasury, the War and Interior Departments, all vying with each other. Every public building was illuminated, and most of the private houses. Flags were suspended across the avenues, and the streets were thronged with people eager to see the grand torchlight procession, which passed up

Pennsylvania Avenue to Georgetown. All was life and bustle that night; the city was flooded in light.

But alas! who among that vast multitude could see the shadow of death that was to succeed that glare of triumph?

Thousands were ready to do homage to him who had called "six hundred thousand men" from their homes, to sacrifice their lives upon the altar of liberty, and who was so soon to forfeit his own life.

That particular Good Friday night the world has cause to remember. "Honest Abe" (as the President was called) had no inclination to go to the theatre, but Aunt Polly, as Mrs. Lincoln was familiarly called, took it into her head that he must go, and therefore she decked herself in gaudy array, and off to the theatre dragged the poor unwilling husband. She had no idea that she would have to pay so great a price for her vanity: before another sun her husband lay a corpse. Every one knows, that as they were laughing and chatting in their box, the assassin entered, and the fatal shot was heard. Booth was seen to leap from the box, and in his descent upon the stage his spur caught in the American flag (which was festooned around the box) and tore

out seven stars. Likewise on the first Fourth of July that Lincoln was in the White House, after the oration was delivered in front of the house, while hoisting the flag a strip caught it and tore seven stars out. But again I am digressing.

How fatal to the assassin was the tearing of those seven stars! In that descent he sprained his foot; had it not been for that accident he never would have been captured.

While Booth struck the blow which was to drape the Union in mourning, Payne was at his work of butchery at Secretary Seward's, for which he paid the forfeit: his young life was yielded without a murmur.

Thus, by the workings of a monomaniac, so many innocent persons had to suffer. That noble-hearted Christian, Mrs. Surratt, died an ignominious death—ah! death upon the gallows for a woman, that will be a blot upon the page of our country's history forever. Where are those who sat in judgment upon her. Retribution soon followed. One was conscience-stricken, and fastened a bag of sand to his feet and sank beneath the quiet waves. Another put a bullet through his brain, and fell a mangled corpse. And yet another, who refused an audience with the President to Annie Surratt, moaned his life away; for, said he,

"I see the corpse of her mother hanging from the gibbet before my eyes continually, and death is far preferable to a life of torment."

It was currently reported that the President was kept drugged all the time, for fear he would pardon Mrs. Surratt. Be that as it may, we wish to believe so.

Well, the assassin escaped that night upon a fleet charger, and as he was well armed he feared nothing. But God's ways are inscrutable. Every one knows how he was captured. He was truly a martyr to his country. Although worn down by suffering, he sold not his life cheaply. He kept his enemies at bay for a long time, shouting at them, that if they took him at all, they should have to take him lifeless. He fought like a tiger, until the fatal shot was fired. Then he yielded his young life with these words: "I die for my country." His remains were taken from the barn before it was consumed by fire; for he had fired it when he fell. But before that he was magnanimous enough to let those who had shared his fate escape; but alas! they were soon captured and brought to Washington, where the heart of Booth was taken out and preserved in alcohol, also the hand that dealt the blow. His body (some say) was taken down the Potomac at mid-

night and buried under its waters. Others again said it was put under the slab in the Museum, which was formerly Ford's Theatre, where the fatal shot was fired. The latter must have been right, for not long since the remains were interred in a cemetery in Baltimore, where lies his illustrious father.

Every one is familiar with the incarceration and suffering of Doctor Mudd, who for setting the limb of the assassin paid the penalty. But all have also read of his heroic and humane conduct towards the troops, while the small-pox was raging among them. Through his skill thousands were saved from death, who afterwards signed a petition for his release, which was soon after effected.

Well, the night of the assassination, they bore the President from the theatre across the street, where he died unconscious early on Saturday morning, and was removed to the Executive Mansion, where he remained in state for some days.

I certainly think that Mrs. Lincoln was instrumental in this great loss to the nation; for indeed I think had old Abe lived we would have been better treated than we have been since, for he was a humane man. Although I bitterly opposed his politics, I would rather had him than the taci-

turn, obstinate man that now wears the iron crown, who takes care to provide for his own family, not caring one fig about the great human family that surrounds him.

While I was commiserating the suffering of Mrs. Lincoln, only to think she was busy gathering everything together preparatory to leaving the White House. But let us throw the mantle of charity over the poor lone woman, for indeed she was meanly treated by those sycophants who fawned and flattered her while in her exalted position.

CHAPTER XVII.

"THE GRAND REVIEW."

Soon after the assassination came the grand review of the whole army, which lasted three days. Several Union officers told Lulu that they would pass her house on their way across the river, and she must be sure to have her windows filled with the flowers of the South—to view

"The conquering heroes on their march."

But Lulu declared that she would close her house as tight as she could get it.

Sure enough, as they passed the shutters were all closed, but Lulu was peeping through them, for, said she, "I love to look at soldiers, but I don't want the Yankees to see me. Oh my! I am heartily glad the war is over. We gave them four years' trouble, anyhow."

The house was so situated that it fronted both streets. On the front street was placed upon the carriage step a large tin pan of water and cups setting around; so when the soldiers drew near they could take a drink and fall into their ranks in a minute.

But Lulu was busy in the rear. Upon a vacant lot lay the poor soldiers who had fallen overpowered by the sun, which broiled down upon them. The surgeons tore open their shirts, and the poor fellows panted for breath. Lulu sent brandy and vinegar to rub them with. Some again were stretched out for dead, they were commanded to halt, and threw themselves down in the streets in every direction.

Lulu told a great strapping negro woman to take a bucket and cup, and go with Cornelia (whom we have seen with the chickens), through the ranks and give the poor soldiers water.

"'Deed, Miss Lu, I ain't gwine to go out in dis hot sun just for dem Yankee soldiers: 'deed I ain't," said Mary.

Lulu turned quickly and said, "Mary, you ought to be ashamed of yourself: where would you be now if it were not for those men? You know that they have left homes and everything dear to them, to fight for your freedom. Now go immediately and give the poor fellows water: it is the least you can do for your benefactors."

"'Deed, Miss Lu, dese men ain't done nuffin' for me, 'cause I'd been free anyhow. My master intended to set us free, he did hisself; dey never fit for me at all. I didn't ask 'em to leave home;

dey great deal better off at home I reckon;" and Mary tossed up her woolly head and walked off.

After a while Lulu prevailed upon the haughty Mary to go with Cornelia, who was willing to do anything she could for the soldiers. The soldiers received the bread and butter and water with gratitude, the people of Washington had their hands full attending to their wants for three days.

As the regiment was about to move, Lulu saw a surgeon touch one of the fallen soldiers with his foot, and not being able to rise, the poor fellow begged to be carried to an ambulance (which was full of officers already), when the surgeon brutally told him that if he couldn't walk he might stay there for what he cared; and was walking away when Lulu called to him, and asked him did not he feel ashamed to treat one of his men in that manner: and she called two soldiers and told them to carry the man to the ambulance. The soldier said it was full of officers who felt weak from marching. "Well," said Lulu, "pack him in with the rest: if he dies let him die with his comrades—not alone upon the hard ground, with no one to close his eyes. It would be a pity that one so young and handsome should survive all the hard fights to die alone. I know that he is some one's pet, so do all you can to send him back to the loved ones at home."



"THERE STANDS THE REBEL; ARREST HER!"—*Scene at Epiphany Hospital.*

The soldier looked his gratitude, and faintly pressed her hand. The surgeon, who seemed heartily ashamed of his brutal treatment, helped to raise the poor man, and he was crowded into the ambulance. The surgeon touched his cap, and they drove slowly off.

The next day the same scenes had to be enacted over.

As a certain regiment was passing, I was greatly amused to see a soldier leading a mule laden heavily with a little of everything. Tied to the saddle was a 'possum and a coon, a straw broom and candlestick, and over all was seated as ugly an old negro as I ever saw, with an owl perched upon his shoulder, and an old coon-skin cap upon his head. He was grinning from ear to ear.

As the mule passed the crowd shouted and hooted at the old negro, who enjoyed the sport hugely. He yelled out: "Yah! yah! dis nigger am free now; I'se good as any man. I is gwine to jine de army. Who wouldn't be a sojer? but I'se mighty sorry Massa Lincum ain't here to see dis great jubilee."

"Oh! you just shut up," said Mary, "and git down off dat mule. I think it's got enuff to bar widout you, you ugly ole nigger. Do you think I'se gwine to hand you a drink of water?—not if

dis chile knows herself. I'd see you choking first. I say, git down, ole coon; you're just as able to walk as dese here soldiers."

The old negro laughed long and loud.

"Yah! yah! yah! Now look here, ole gall; don't go putting on airs wid me; do you know whar I cum from? I don't 'long to no poor white herring, I don't. I come from an old Mississippi arusticrat I did."

At this declaration, Mary, out of all patience, yelled out:

"Go 'long wid you, nigger: you ain't nuffin but an old countryband nohow."

So the old negro jogged along on his mule amid roars of laughter, and left the indignant Mary standing on the curbstone gazing after him. She tossed up her head, at the same time tried to turn up her nose, but that being already turned up, she could not succeed. She said, "Come 'long, Cornelia: don't let's have no more talk wid this unmannered-ly set."

And they both went into the house, and the rest of the regiment passed on. The grand review was over, and none but stragglers remained in the city of Washington.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE WEDDING PARTY—THE SURPRISE."

We must now return to our friends in New Orleans.

We find the grand old mansion all in confusion, for this is our imperious May Lee's wedding morn. The room where we find our three old acquaintances. Nellie, which is Mrs. Louis Talmadge; and her sprightly little "Lee," in whom his father took great delight, in having him pull the comb out of Nellie's head, so that her golden hair might fall over her shoulders in disorder, and then the little fellow, who was standing on a chair behind her, held by his father, would peep around in her face and receive a dozen kisses for his punishment.

Near Nellie sat the bride elect, the beautiful May. Her hands were lying listless upon her lap, her black hair caught up with a large comb, and her eyes turned wistfully towards the door. Presently a servant entered and handed May a large box and a note. May took the box, and on examining it, found it to contain a most elegant set of pearls, a present from Ralph. May laid the box

aside as her maid entered to dress her for her bridal, under whose skilful hand she was completely metamorphosed.

The guests soon arrived, the streets were thronged with the most elegant equipages, and Ralph looked really elegant and supremely happy as he came to the door to receive his bride. A burst of admiration escaped his lips as he gazed upon May, who stood in the centre of the room with downcast eyes, and covered with blushes, which contrasted beautifully with her white drapery; he noticed quickly that she wore his present of pearls, and his great heart gave a bound of delight as he linked her hand in his arm and walked through the hall, then to the carriage, wherein he placed his bride and first groomsman, and seating himself and first bridesmaid in another, they whirled away to the church, which was thronged with spectators eager to see the handsome couple enter.

As the bridal party approached the altar, a murmur of admiration was heard all over the church. Ralph's fame as a Confederate soldier had preceded him, and all were anxious to gaze upon the hero. Also May's beauty was talked of far and wide; therefore, those who had never seen either filled the church, to the detriment of invited guests, who could scarcely get in at all.

As the bridal party entered the church, Mr. B——, the organist, performed a grand wedding march. Soon the solemn ceremony was over, the minister who had baptized each of them pronounced them man and wife, when, to the surprise of every one present, a United States officer with a lady closely veiled, and dressed in silver gray, approached the altar, when the minister performed the same ceremony for them, before the astonishment was over. After receiving the blessing of Dr. R——, they turned their faces towards the audience, when the new-made bride and groom were the first to congratulate them. So the spell was broken, and friends of both parties congratulated them, and as the organ pealed forth its cheering notes, the bridal parties left the church, and after a grand reception at home, Ralph and his peerless bride started on a tour to Europe.

And I must now tell you who was the mysterious bride—it was none other but Marie Mortimer, the haughty beauty, and sister to the gallant Fred Mortimer, the hero of many battles, and the independent Southern gentleman who married his first love, "a Yankee governess." His words to his sister at parting had come true, for through Nellie she became acquainted with the noble-hearted Yankee surgeon, Dr. Henry, Louis' friend; and, as he said

he would set his cap for a *rebuel*, he set it on the right side, and soon won by his gentle and manly ways the proudest and loveliest of our Southern belles. When they left the church they started for New York, the home of the doctor, where they were received with a hearty welcome.

CHAPTER XIX.

"NEW YEAR'S CALL."

NOTHING of importance transpired until 1867. The sun was resplendent in a blaze of light as he mounted his chariot of clouds, and seemed to smile benignantly upon the earth, which was clothed in pure white, as a bride on the eve of marriage, waiting to receive the first kiss. The trees were borne down with the weight of icicles, which seemed to be spangled over with gems, so brightly shone the sun upon them. Everywhere was heard the merry jingle of sleigh-bells, and as the snorting horses plunged through the deep snow, they carried their precious freight in all directions.

We must now take a peep at the Executive Mansion.

In the centre of the blue room stands President Johnson, accompanied by his two accomplished daughters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, who with their usual urbanity received their guests as they are presented. First came all the foreign ambassadors, resplendent in their court dress, eager to pay their respects to the Chief of this once great

nation. Then came the officers of the army and navy, in their elegant uniforms of our own proud nation, many of whom were accompanied by their ladies in full dress, as were also the foreign ministers, whose ladies appeared in full court costumes.

At twelve o'clock precisely the great doors were thrown open to the public, when they poured in a continual stream until two o'clock, when it is customary to close the doors. Then from that hour until late in the evening they are visiting all open houses; people who have never seen the host before are welcomed on that day. A sumptuous feast is spread in many houses, and all are welcome to partake.

I must carry you back from this court of splendor to a neat private residence, the surroundings of which clearly denote refinement and comfort. In the elegantly furnished parlor stands a gentleman in citizen's dress, apparently about thirty-five years of age; his merry blue eyes twinkled as he seemed to become interested at something that was said. He welcomed a group of army officers in a deep manly voice, as he grasped each friendly hand. At his right stood our little friend Lulu, with two lady friends who were helping her receive.

The army and navy were well represented, with

a goodly sprinkling of foreigners, whom we have before seen, accompanied with their courtly ladies, who were eager to pay their respects to this unostentatious hero of many a hard-fought battle. Alas! how many thought that this would be the last time they would hear his voice in hearty tones bidding them welcome?

As all the fashionables left, only a few intimate friends remained. Several marine officers approached, they drank his health, when the captain raised his glass, and in a clear voice said, "Here's to the health of the salt-water police," which raised a great laugh. The marine officers thought it the best toast of the day, when one of his "salt-water" friends shouted out, "Gentlemen, we are insulted; let us draw;" and he approached Captain S—— and said, "Come, sir, defend yourself—draw." The Captain lifted his glass, holding it at arm's length, said: "Gentlemen, I have drawn my sword for the last time: strike."

The officers immediately sheathed their swords, and after many little pleasantries, took an affectionate leave, expressing their satisfaction at passing so pleasant a time with this unostentatious soldier.

Little did they think that would be their last meeting on earth. Soon the doors were closed, only a few friends remaining to participate in the

evening festivities, which wound up in a delightful moonlight sleigh-ride.

> "The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
> Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below."

As the merry parties entered the sleighs, the gentlemen wrapped them snugly up in the robes, the horses gave a plunge, and away

> "They all flew like the down of a thistle,"

and amid pleasure ended the New Year's day of 1867. Upon that day the sun of prosperity shone brightly. But how about 1868?

CHAPTER XX.

"DEATH OF CAPTAIN STUART—LOSS OF THE BRAZIL."

A short time after the scenes in the preceding chapter, Captain Stuart left Washington City for Texas.

That was the first separation Lulu had since her marriage, three years previous. The little wife bore up bravely. The house was full of company as usual as the carriage drove up to the door and the hurried farewells were uttered, and the gallant Captain stood with one foot upon the carriage step, the other on the pavement, turned quickly, lifted his hat and threw a kiss to Lulu, and with a few friends he was hurried off to the depot.

Alas! that was the last his friends ever saw of him. Nothing of interest transpired in the eight months that intervened. Lulu lived in apparent seclusion with her mother and little nephew.

In September following, Lulu sold out her house, left Washington, and was to meet her husband in New Orleans; and about the same

time Captain Stuart left Brazos de Santiago for New Orleans, there to meet his wife. When out in the Gulf of Mexico, they were overtaken by the equinoctial storm, and the vessel sunk.

The Captain had run his vessel in the Gulf for thirty years, and did not apprehend any danger. But the old man found a watery grave with the rest.

This was the first real sorrow poor Lulu ever felt; for losing slaves, home and friends was light compared with this.

Lulu was in New York City when this blow fell. She was waiting patiently for a letter from her husband, telling her what to do and when to start. But, as she used to say in her delirium, it never, never came. For three weeks she was kept in terrible suspense, till the final dispatch from the Department at Washington told her it would be useless to hope; then Nature gave way, and Lulu was ill from brain-fever. Being young, with a fine constitution, she conquered.

Some days after she became convalescent she started for Washington, which she now considered her home. But a few evenings before she left, while with her mother-in-law, she saw her husband lying on the bed ; she neither screamed nor fainted, but tried to get a better look at him, but the shadow

was gone. Then she said, "Mother, Harry is dead." The old lady asked her why was she so certain, and she replied that she had seen him, and was now satisfied that she would never see him again *alive*.

So she arose the next morning, had her mourning suit made, and in a few days the little widow left the great city, and arrived in Washington that night, all alone.

Here are the verses which Lulu composed upon the loss of the vessel:

"'Mid thunder's loud crash, in the wrathful sky,
And red lightning's gleam, as the seas, mountain high,
Rose in terrible grandeur, in its awful unrest,
As 'twould fain shake some load from its throbbing breast.

"The brave captain cried, 'There's no hope of help now:
Let us die like true men, to our fate meekly bow,
Praying our sins may all be forgiven,
That our souls may be reunited in heaven."

"Another fierce shock, then 'mid appalling gloom,
That heroic band awaited their doom.
Now each manly heart has at length found rest,
And the sea seems cleared of its load on its breast.

"No marble monument for them marks their graves:
They lie fathoms deep, 'neath the treacherous waves.
The sea, as though for them she yet grieves,
A shroud of sea-weed continually weaves.

"As the shining waves go rippling along,
They seem to be singing this doleful song:
'I cause the loved ones of earth to part,
To rock them to sleep on my cold, cold heart.

"'The aged mother, and the loving young wife,
From their loved one have parted forever in life.
But remember, ye mourners that hold me in dread,
That at the last day I must give up my dead.'

"Do you wonder now, why I tremble so,
As though to each wave, I'm murmuring low?
Smooth out your ruffles, and put by that frown,
We must hide the place where the vessel went down."

Alas! no marble monument marks the hero's grave. Poor Lulu had not now that strong arm to lean upon; she felt her loss keenly. But Lulu was a true woman, and when she was asked how she could bear up so bravely, she answered: "I believe I will have to go through a fiery ordeal, and surely the Hand that afflicts can heal my wounds. Maybe some time he may come back; the vessel may have been cast upon some lonely shore, and in years to come he may return like many others."

CHAPTER XXI.

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN STUART'S LIFE.

Captain Stuart came to this country when he was only eleven years of age. Even in his childhood he was very daring, not knowing the meaning of the word fear. When about fifteen years of age, the Mexican war broke out, he was fired with enthusiasm, and like many others ran away from home, enlisted, and went off as a drummer boy; but he could not stand beating a drum when he saw fighting going on. As he said, there was no music to his ear sweeter than the whizzing of bullets and the bursting of shells.

So he threw his drum aside and shouldered a musket, and before the close of the war, he did some "tall fighting," as the soldiers used to say during our late rebellion.

Well, it so happened that he was sent out on a scouting expedition under a sergeant who became very abusive to the men, and even went so far as to buck and gag one of them.

Young Stuart being a great favorite with the men, and also a very athletic fellow, became enraged

and soon overpowered the sergeant, and when they returned to camp carried his prisoner with him.

General Scott soon became cognizant of this daring exploit, and immediately gave him a position near himself; but young Stuart showed unmistakable signs of uneasiness, and begged to be relieved, telling the General frankly that he thought his place was in the field, and forthwith General Scott gave him a commission as lieutenant in the regular infantry.

From that time until the close of the war he participated in many battles, and at the battle of Chapultepec he bore the colors of his regiment off the field; the color-bearer was shot down by his side.

Young as he was, his name had become a proverb. Many older men were only too glad to follow where he would lead. His mother now shows his silver medal with pride (of which but a few were distributed), upon which every battle in which he participated was inscribed; also a magnificent full-jewel hilted sword, which was presented by his company.

After the Mexican war he was with General Lopez in the halls of the Montezumas. Then after that he became too restless to settle down to a sedentary life, and joined Walker in his expedition to Nicaragua, was with the General when under sentence of death; but by some daring exploit he

escaped and went to California, and by his indomitable energy he amassed a large fortune; which by the aid of many friends he soon got through with, but set out again and soon made another.

He remained in California until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he made his way to New York, and raised a company and joined the Grand Army of the Potomac. He participated in many a hard-fought battle. His name there soon became a proverb; he was always at his post; he knew no fear in any danger, and his men would follow him anywhere, for he was always to be relied upon.

At one of the seven days' battles at Fair Oaks the color-bearer was shot down, when he rushed forward, caught up the colors, and fought nobly through and bore them in triumph off the field.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, where his brave leader, the gallant Phil Kearney, fell, he was very sick at that time, and nearly blind, but could not contain himself any longer; so he mounted his charger, was led on the field, and fought with great bravery. When the fight was over, he was taken from the field totally blind, was then sent to the old hospital on Broadway in New York City, where he remained many weeks, part of the time placed between two planks, so the surgeons would

be able to extract the balls that had been imbedded in his frame since the Mexican and Nicaragua wars.

While there an amusing incident occurred. The surgeon in charge of the hospital gave orders that everything should be kept very quiet, and no one admitted to his room. The Captain was lying very still, being completely exhausted from the recent operation, when some one whispered that his sister was at the gate and the sentinel would not admit her. Before any one could prevent it, he rushed past them and ran into the yard, and pommelled the guard dreadfully, until the poor man shouted for help.

From that time he became convalescent, although I believe if it had not been for this violent outburst of temper he would have died from sheer exhaustion. He always had his own way after that, for the balls were extracted and his eyesight perfectly restored.

After his troubles he rejoined his corps, and some time elasped when he wound up his military career by capturing "little Lulu." Nothing of note transpired during their married life, except the little home scenes that I represented in a former chapter, when he left on a Government mission to Texas, and in coming to New Orleans was over-

taken by the equinoctial storm, and the vessel went down with all on board.

Thus after many vicissitudes in his short life (for the Captain was only thirty-five years of age) he found a watery grave, although his monument looms up in Greenwood Cemetery. He sleeps as quietly under the waves of the Gulf as he would under the tall shaft of marble.

"So it is ever with life's fitful fever."

The following lines were composed by Lulu after his departure from Washington:—

"TO MY ABSENT HUSBAND.

"At silent eve I miss thee most,
When night draws out her shining host;
No kindred spirit near me hies
To watch the wonder of the skies.

"No husband's arm around me thrown,
Nor manly breast to lean upon,
But ever thinking of the bliss
Of love's last thrilling lingering kiss.

"Oh! would I were a bird, I'd fly
Imprisoned in thine arms to lie,
And love's impassioned words to hear
From lips that are to me so dear.

"Though stern fate the material part,
Yet soul to soul, and heart to heart,
Cries out in ecstasy of bliss,
'Earth cannot bind such love as this.'"

Alas! little did she think that she had seen her husband for the last time in this life, when she wrote those simple lines, expressing her thoughts, as she sat watching the clouds as they were chasing each other over the blue vault of heaven, sometimes forming into grand battle scenes, then again into hunting scenes, then again into naval scenes. All of us have at some time watched the wonders of the skies. It seems as though at eventide the happy couple would sit for hours watching, and he would always love to hear her tell what they formed, and laugh heartily at her wild ideas, as he called them.

CHAPTER XXII.

"LULU'S FIRST EFFORT TO MAKE A LIVING."

After the news of the Captain's death was confirmed, and Lulu became convalescent, she thought she would try former friends of her husband's, and with some help she would open a boarding-house.

Well, accordingly she hastened to Washington City, and called upon her husband's physician, who for four years had him constantly under medical treatment (or rather salary); and not only that, but knowing his generous disposition would borrow money any time he wanted it. So Lulu thought she would make application to him to go her security in renting a house, or for furniture. She did so, and he told her that he had a very large family to support, and could not do it; but if she would go to Dr. K—d—ll, where her husband had paid enormous bills for medicine for years, and if he would do anything for her, that he would join him.

Well, poor Lulu called at the drug-store on Pennsylvania Avenue. Dr. K—d—ll, by the way, is a very rich man. Also the physician, Dr.

M——r, who has a very fine residence near Willard's Hotel.

When Lulu called at the drug-store of Dr. K—d—ll, and laid her case before that benevolent gentleman, he demurred for some time, and finally told the widow of him who had spent hundreds of dollars with him, that he could not go any one's security; that she was too young to take such a responsibility upon herself, and in the end it would be a failure, and he was too poor to advance her a loan.

Lulu, almost heart-broken, went back to relate all that had occurred to Dr. M——r, when that gentleman, without the least pity for the unfortunate widow, told her in plain, cold English, that if it was only ten dollars that she wanted he could not raise it—that it took every cent to support his family.

Lulu turned away, her voice choked with the rising tears that she tried in vain to suppress; but when she could get utterance, she told him that before she would ask him or Dr. K—d—ll for a crust of bread, she would fall exhausted in the street; that she well knew both were speaking falsely, and that she was sorry that such men were called Southerners; and that both of them had made enough out of the Captain to put her into a comfortable position, where she could soon refund

the amount. But they were obdurate, and Lulu never saw them afterwards, nor does she ever want to see them.

I only relate this as one, and the first instance. The second was in this wise: Lulu applied to a man for the loan of a small amount of money. She thought she certainly would get it, because her husband had paid three thousand dollars for the good-will of the place in which he was making his living, and she knew very well that he had formerly received two thousand dollars from her husband, because she gave into his hands four five-hundred-dollar notes while walking in the street with some friends, and he handed it over immediately to Mr. W——, who said he wanted to borrow it to speculate in horses. I merely mention this, because Lulu thought certainly she could get help from him.

But alas for the hopeful, trusting Lulu, she was refused! But Mr. W—— said that there was a gentleman at Willard's Hotel that wished to see her very much; that he felt deeply indebted to the Captain for his kindness during the war; that he not only got him a sutler's position, but advanced a considerable amount of money to load his vessel, and it was through him, that he now enjoyed having some eight hundred thousand dol-

lars, and whatever he could do for his widow, he would do with pleasure, for he felt it was his duty.

So Mr. W—— took Lulu up to the hotel, and introduced her to Mr. N—— V——y, who treated her kindly, and told her how brave the Captain was during the late rebellion—how he was led upon the field of battle partially blind, and fought desperately; then after the fight was led off by some of his men, and brought on board his vessel, where, passing under the machinery, he was struck upon the head and fell, but soon arose with the help of those around, when, hearing familiar voices, he laughed heartily at something that was said; but he could not see. He was totally blind.

Well, the old man promised great things for Lulu, and shed tears when he spoke of her husband's sufferings, and when she arose to leave he thrust a twenty-dollar note in her hand, and told her to look for him at twelve o'clock the next day. But that day has lasted for three years, for he never came. Lulu saw him often on the street, but he always had occasion to look another way.

Such is the gratitude of one man, who is worth nearly a million through the influence of another.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"LULU'S SECOND EFFORT."

LULU was indefatigable in the pursuit of a living, so she sold some jewelry, and took a house with her family, and lived six months in Washington. In the meantime she visited the Department, and received her husband's mileage; but when she came to learn the facts from an officer just in from Texas, she found that she had only received one-half the amount. So even in so trifling a thing she was defrauded.

At this time she parted with a set of very handsome paintings, a valued gift from her husband. Then learning there was something coming to him from the War Department she started in pursuit of that, and after many futile efforts found that General S——h, who was her husband's attorney, had received the amount, and appropriated it to his own use. He was afterwards killed by the Indians; so Lulu could do nothing in that instance.

But Lulu arose from the ashes, and determined to leave for New York City, left her family in good circumstances, and went to New York; —re-

mained there for some time, where she was robbed of her pocket-book while in a stage, and was left without one cent in the great city. Then she went to see a gentleman who, during the war, had borrowed money to the amount of four thousand dollars from her husband. When she saw him she told him that she owed one hundred dollars for board, and had her pocket picked. She asked him for the money, or to come up to the house and stand for her board, when he coolly told her that he could not raise the amount, and what would people think if he, a married man, would stand for a lady's board? After that he avoided Lulu as much as possible. Whenever he saw her on one side of the street, he would cross over to the other, simply because his friend, whose hand was always ready to help him, was resting quietly in his watery grave, and could not plead for his young and lonely wife. And that wife had requested him, as a brother officer in the late war, and his superior-officer in the war with Mexico, to have her husband's name inscribed upon the monument in Green, wood Cemetery, erected and dedicated to the New York heroes of the Mexican war. He told her that he would lay the matter before the committee, but that he thought it would be useless, because his body was not deposited in the grave.

He never troubled himself about the affair, and Lulu lost sight of him. So we leave the gallant General W——, who told Lulu that if the Captain had died a natural death, no matter in what section of the country he died in, he would have been carried to New York City, and would have had as large a military funeral as was ever seen in the city; but all that show would not have benefited Lulu in her present position, yet it would have done honor to the gallant man.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE FINAL REMOVAL."

After this cool treatment, Lulu came to the conclusion that she would not trouble any more of her husband's dear five hundred friends, and after calling upon a person to whom she loaned three hundred dollars once in her own home, her husband took him home with him to hear her sing the "Bonnie Blue Flag," with which he seemed much pleased, he took the money and left. When Lulu asked him for the return of the money, he said he remembered the circumstance very well, but that he had no money to pay it with, and as Lulu had no children he did not think she needed to run around looking up what her dead husband had loaned to his friends.

Lulu was struck dumb for some time, then said he was welcome to it. As her husband was not there to speak for her, she had to let the matter rest.

Lulu left New York, and arrived safely in Washington the following Saturday, after the interview with this hard-hearted person, who always wore a smile upon his face. She met many old

friends, but they were uniformly polite—that was all.

Well, she spent only two or three weeks in the city, and prevailed upon her mother and sister to sell out what they had, and go to New York to live; they consented, and soon left the city.

The summer passed, and Lulu took another trip to her old home, and after a great deal of trouble succeeded in finding out that there still remained some few thousand dollars coming to her. She therefore gave the power of attorney to a lawyer that she had known many years. He obtained the money and speculated with it, and the result was he lost all and his own too; so there was another disappointment. But Lulu, who was always hopeful and cheerful under all circumstances, said she knew that the darkest hour was just before dawn, and that the sun of prosperity would some day shine upon her, and his bright rays would soon dispel the fog and gloom of adversity. When asked how she could bear up so cheerfully under such terrible storms of adversity, she would answer with a smile that the Hand that afflicted her could, and would, in His own time, heal her, and she trusted implicitly in the All Omnipotent; and also she firmly believed that she was to pass through a fiery ordeal, and hoped that she would

come forth unscathed, and that she had a great deal to be thankful for: that she was blessed with good health and fine spirits.

Now, that was the key to the mystery of Lulu's cheerfulness—her simple faith in the words of the hymn she used to love to repeat:—

> "That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
> I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

We will only follow Lulu's trials in this chapter.

After the lawyer failed in his speculations, he made all the reparation in his power by giving her what money he could spare for her immediate wants, and she was well content; so we shall leave her still wearing a smile of cheerfulness; and no one, to look into her beaming eyes and hear her merry laugh, would think for an instant that she had suffered one-third as much as she had.

But, I'll assure the reader, there is not a word of fiction in what I have written, and I could write as much more of the same sort of trials; but I must carry them through more cheerful scenes. I only wanted to show how the great debt of gratitude is paid when a man is no more, and would advise a man of generous impulses and trusting nature to provide for the wife he loves, before setting out on a journey from which he may never return.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THE UNEXPECTED MEETING."

One day in the fall of 1869, as Lulu was walking down Broadway, she heard her name called twice, and looking to see who called, she encountered a pair of flashing black eyes fixed intently upon her, and in another instant her hand was held in a warm friendly grasp, while a rich manly voice called out:

"Why, Lulu, is it possible that I have found you at last? I have searched all over Maryland, Virginia and Washington City for you, and in despair had given you up for dead, when here in this gay metropolis I find you trudging along alone, and as merry looking as ever; only I want to know why you are wearing this sombre dress?"

The speaker was none other than our old friend Fred Mortimer, of New Orleans, who would have his own way in marrying a Yankee governess. When he asked the question about her dress he looked somewhat confused and pityingly towards Lulu, as she said:

"Why, Fred, don't you know I lost my husband two years ago?"

Fred started back in surprise and said:

"Why, Lulu, is that so? Can it be possible that you are left alone? But, my dear girl, remember that if you need a friend, lean upon me as you would a brother. Now come, tell me what you have been doing this long time. My wife is up with her relatives, and I would be pleased to take you up at any time you can find it convenient. She would be delighted to see you, for she often talks about you; and Lulu, we have the prettiest little girl that you ever saw, that we call Lulu Beauregard," he laughingly said. "How do you like the picture?" Walking slowly along he continued. "Do, Lulu, come up and let us talk over old times—I mean the old happy time we used to have."

Lulu said that she would, and repeated one of her own little verses:—

> "Ah! now, alas! those times are all past,
> But they live in my memory still;
> I'll follow them back, through affection's track,
> And cherish them with a good will."

As she said this, Fred took her hand affectionately and said:

"Yes, Lulu, those times are all past, and I do not know which of us does not cherish them up in our memory. I think I must take you back with us. Baby will be delighted to make your acquaintance,

for she can crow by note, I tell you, and will keep you laughing all the time." And then he whispered: "Lulu, what do you think?—my wife's relations are all very much pleased with an 'original rebel,'—that's me; and I have a splendid little sister-in-law, that you will like ever so much, for she is just your style. I must bid you good-by now, and will come to-morrow, and take you up home. So *au revoir*." And they parted.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP.

Some time had elapsed since the scene on Broadway. Lulu had paid several visits to the little wife, and had become greatly attached to the baby, which made the father very proud; and the little sister which he told her about was a most beautiful girl of sixteen years of age, and more over she had a beau, so of course she was quite a woman.

One day, while Lulu was on a visit at the cottage, "Birdie," as she was called, came running to her and threw herself at Lulu's feet and begged of her to write her a piece of poetry for her lover.

"Well, my dear girl, what subject shall I write upon," said Lulu; "tell me what he likes best."

"O love! love! love!" cried out Birdie. "I do wish I was smart enough to write poetry: I would write bushels of it,—that I would."

And the gay young girl danced around the room, and never forgot when she came near Lulu to ask for the poetry.

At last Lulu promised by the next evening she should have the desired effusion, and with a hearty kiss, with, "You dear, good old thing," she vanished through the door.

But Lulu was not alone very long, for in a few minutes Birdie came back, leading by the hand a very handsome, tall young man, and introduced him to Lulu as "Frank Ray, her dearly beloved intended; that is, if he didn't elope with some one else before that auspicious day when they two should be made one." And Birdie rattled on for some time, until Frank told her that he thought she was like a crow whose tongue was split. Then she pouted and left the room.

After some intelligent conversation with Lulu, Frank expressed himself much pleased, and took his leave; that is, he went in search of Birdie, whom he found sitting on the back veranda, making faces at the moon, as she said, but in reality winking and blinking in spite of herself, because she thought Frank had spoken cross to her and laughed at her before Lulu. Now she thought that could Lulu write about a "crow with its tongue split." And Frank coaxed her out for a walk, but she still pouted.

At last, as Frank said, "Time was on the wing," so he would make the best of it; and down he

went on his marrow-bones before Birdie in a most tragic manner, and begged her to love, honor, and obey him all the rest of her days.

At which Birdie's merry laugh rang out on the night air, and she begged Frank not to soil his good clothes, for, said she, "He ought to know that if they should get married, they, as new beginners, would have to economize, and I want you to look genteel as long as you can. Now get up; that's a good boy."

So Frank yielded to the earnest solicitude for the welfare of his pants, and arose from his recumbent position. He caught Birdie, and folded the little fluttering thing in his arms, and as all lovers are wont to do, covered her brow, lips, and cheeks with passionate kisses; and before she could remonstrate, he was gone. Therefore she had all the grumbling to do alone. And gazing after the retreating figure of her lover as long as possible, she withdrew to her chamber stealthily, because (as she said a long time afterward) she felt so ashamed of herself, for her cheeks were like a flame of fire.

When in her chamber she soon was folded in the arms of Morpheus, to dream of Frank, and bright prospects, while Lulu sat in her room composing the following lines:—

"LINES TO MY LOVER, FRANK R——.

"Oh! why have we thus strangely met?
Is it stern fate's decree?
My heart is wildly beating yet;
I find it throbs for thee.

"Then let us sail our tiny barque
Upon life's stormy sea,
And fan in flame the glimmering spark
Of love thou hast for me.

"I'll be thy love, thy life, thine all,
In sunshine and in storm,
Till death's dread angel shall thee call
To waft thy spirit home.

"You ask of me my love, my soul;
To thee it shall be given,
O'er my short life to have control,
Then anchor safe in heaven."

I had forgotten to say that the lovers met in some romantic way. I think her horse ran away with her, and the brave youth saved her life at the risk of losing his own; and of course the consequence was, through gratitude they became firm lovers.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"THE BALL."

We must leave the young lovers for some time, as nothing unusual transpired. Of course they quarrelled often, and always made up, to have the sport over again; as what lovers that will read this o'er true tale have not, for indeed who could appreciate the sun, if it were not for storms?

Well, as I said, we will now leave the young lovers, to visit our friends in New Orleans.

In an elegant mansion on W—— Street is heard the sound of merriment, and many feet are tripping "on the light fantastic toe," and bright eyes are looking love again.

Now, all seem to be watching a very handsome couple who are on the floor waltzing, and many are the encomiums bestowed upon them as they whirl along, seemingly unconscious of the feeling of admiration among the lookers-on. The young man's beard just touched the forehead of his lovely golden-haired partner, as they whirled around, and both seem intoxicated with delight.

At length the waltz, like all delightful things,

ended, and Louis Talmadge—for it was he—led his lovely young wife to a seat, where she was soon surrounded by a host of admirers, while her husband leaned in lover-like style over her, feasting his eyes on her fresh young beauty. Really to have seen them then, one would have thought that they had not yet passed their honeymoon. Ah! no cloud had yet dimmed the light horizon of their wedded life, but no one can see under the veil of the future. Everything around them wore a bright aspect. Nellie was idolized by her husband, had wealth at her command, had a son that all her hopes were centred in, and what was there to mar her happiness? Was she not admired by the votaries of pleasure into whose vortex she was continually whirled.

But at this very feast there was a comparative stranger in their midst, who was in every respect a very Apollo. His magnificent black eyes were constantly following the fair-haired wife, who wore her robe of innocence so well. As he approached the group, Louis took him warmly by the hand, and welcomed him to his Southern home, and told him while in the city, to make his house his home.

Charles Moreland acknowledged the compliment paid him, and eagerly accepted the kind invitation

extended to him by the generous host. But the noble-hearted Louis little dreamed of the serpent he was nourishing in his bosom. But of that, anon.

After a few more dances, the party separated, and Louis urged the immediate removal from the hotel to his own magnificent home, of Charles, who graciously smiled, and as he grasped Louis' hand in a friendly good-night, said, "that he would have his luggage conveyed thither in the morning, and, as soon as convenient, would domicile himself in his new and elegant quarters." So saying he took leave of his friends.

After the room was clear, Nellie laughingly said: "Louis, I have enjoyed myself so much this night; and oh, that Charles Moreland, he is so handsome, and dances divinely. I am very glad he is coming to stay with us."

"Well, little wife, I am very glad that you are pleased with my friend. As you see, he is a perfect Apollo, and the only thing that spoils him, he is very vindictive. Now be sure, little one, not to cross him. He is also as proud as Lucifer."

And as Louis said this to his wife, he kissed her fondly, then took her hand and led her to her chamber, where little Lu was sleeping sweetly. They both approached the cradle and imprinted

loving kisses upon the brow and lips of the infant, and each clasped the other's hand in silence, as they thanked God for that precious gift, and the blessing which surrounded them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE HANDSOME GUEST.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, the baggage of Mr. Moreland was brought by express, and as Pompy had to see to its being taken to the room prepared for him, he had a good time grumbling. As he helped little Nace up with a heavy trunk, he said:

"Come, Nace, you lif up your side leetle bit higher, or next thing you'll knock dis here ole nigger off his feet, an right down dese stars, dat you will; dat's right, bar up, bar up. Oh, you good-for-noting lazy nigger; clar de way, and I'll drag it long myself, I will."

So saying, he gave poor little Nace a push, which sent the little woolly head rolling down the steps, and when he reached the bottom he gave a terrific yell, which brought out Nellie upon the scene, who, when she saw it was nobody but Nace, burst out laughing, for that same little negro was proverbial for falling down stairs, or tumbling anywhere, because it never hurt him. He had a full crop of wool upon his head that shielded him well.

Pompy carried the great trunk into the room, then came out wiping the perspiration from his face. When he saw Nace, he went up to him and shook him roughly, then said:

"Git up dar, you young nigger; now I tell you, Miss Nellie, dis here rascal will be de means of breaking ole Pompy's head yet—dat he will. Now, Miss Nellie, if you please to send dat rascal off de place, an Pompy'll be satisfied—but not bafore he'll be sent away."

"Well, Pompy, I'll certainly do as you say; he shall go very soon." As Nellie said this, the servant ushered in the hall Mr. Moreland, who extended his hand to Nellie, saying, "He was much pleased to see her looking so charmingly after the ball." And taking in the ludicrous scene with a hurried glance, he asked Nellie to explain, which she did as well as she could for laughing. He expressed great sorrow at the trouble that he had caused, and gave Nace a note which he accepted thankfully, grinning from ear to ear, showing his white teeth; then he took Nellie's hand and they left the scene of the late disaster, and Pompy marched the crest-fallen Nace off to the servants' hall, where he was laughed at by all the servants; but he showed his note in triumph, saying:

"Dat's what I don got fur breaking my head.

I don't reckon none ob you dem dar can show anyting like dat. Now, you can all laugh as long as you please. Nace is de boy to make money out ob white folks, he is, yah, yah," and Nace put his hands in his pockets and walked away whistling.

And Pompy said, as he left, "Dat dar nigger will be de death of me yet; he's gwine to grow up jist like Mas'r Ben Buttler's soldiers, jerking hold ob ebery cent he can git hold ob."

While this dialogue was going on in the servants' hall, quite a different scene was being enacted in the parlor, where sat Mr. Moreland, and the beautiful hostess in close conversation.

"And so you really think that you are about the happiest couple extant; well, I don't doubt it, for if I were in Louis' place, I think I should be. Who could be otherwise with so fair a sprite as yourself," said the gallant Moreland, smiling graciously upon little Nellie, who said, with animation:

"O yes, indeed! I really think so. Why, what is there to mar my happiness; my husband is all I wish, my son is a bright beautiful boy, and I wish for no greater happiness. Oh, I am so thankful for these greatest of blessings."

As she spoke of her husband being all that she could desire, she did not notice the fiendish expres-

sion that passed over his countenance, for from that hour he exerted all his power to cause Louis to fall from grace.

Moreland arose to ascend to his room, and Nellie went about her household affairs, and they did not meet again until dinner time, after which Louis and Mr. Moreland took a stroll.

That evening Louis stayed out later than ever.

Time passed on pleasantly enough for several weeks, but Nellie could not think what could keep Louis out so late at night. Whenever she asked him he would either evade the question or answer gaily, "Why, Nellie, I have had such a delightful time with Moreland playing cards. Now, little puss, don't you be alarmed; he will soon be gone, but while he is here I am obliged to be polite, for I dread his sarcasms. You know when a fellow gets married and don't go around with his friends, they think and say directly that he is tied to his wife's apron string, and I know my little wife don't want anything like that said, do you darling?" and so saying, he would kiss her affectionately and leave.

Whenever Nellie wanted an escort Moreland was always near; at balls, concerts, and at the theatres, he was her constant companion, and soon it was rumored that Mrs. Talmadge had a

very handsome lover, and people were very spiteful and said things that she was entirely innocent of.

Often Louis came to her with his breath strong with wine, and under strong excitement. Then came recriminations; Louis would, when under this excitement, accuse Nellie of flirting with Moreland, which she would indignantly deny, and often Louis would turn from her with a hasty word, and with a bang of the street door, leave the house for the night.

Alas! the storm was about to burst upon her in all its fury, and where was he who had raised it?

One day, when Louis was out, and in fact, had been away from home for two days, Moreland came upon Nellie suddenly, and found her, with her child in her lap, weeping bitterly. He approached her in the gentlest manner, and said:

"My dear Mrs. Talmadge, why do you weep? pray, dry those tears, they are too precious to be wasted upon a worthless object. You once thought your husband infallible; you now see for yourself that he is no more than other men. I have known him from a boy, and the germ of those vices was in him; now, that they have expanded, I am not at all surprised; he of course, like all other men, had a purpose in view when he kept them hidden; but

now that he has secured the prize, he will give rein to them; a man must be wild some time in life, you know. Now, my dear madam, arouse yourself from this state of lethargy; think of me as your most devoted friend, for I will protect you from the brutality of your once idolized husband. Can you not see for yourself that he has ceased to think of his lovely young wife and this boy whom he ought to be very proud of?" As he said this, he laid his hand gently upon the child. "Now I beg of you not to waste those precious tears. Remember you have a good friend in me; let me shelter you in my strong arms, and let your weary head with its wealth of golden hair, rest in confidence upon my bosom, which, if you will, shall evermore be your pillow. I await your answer." And as he said this, he folded his arms, and stood before her with that benevolent smile upon his countenance that he could so well assume.

Nellie looked up with her tear-stained face, and said spasmodically:

"Mr. Moreland, although I feel deeply grateful to you for your kind offer, I must, like a true woman, decline it. I love my husband as much now as I did before his fall, and no other bosom shall ever pillow my weary head, unless it be the cold, but kind, bosom of mother earth. I will never desert my

husband and child; they are mine; they were given to me by God and, through his help, I will try and reclaim my poor husband. Oh, oh, how shall I begin; what shall I do? Oh, Father in heaven, let this bitter cup pass from me! what have I done that thou hast seen fit to lay so heavy a chastisement upon me?"

And the poor young wife covered her face and moaned piteously, and a less hardened man would have been completely unmanned at the sight of her agony; but it seemed as though a demon possessed him, for, with a demoniac smile, he bowed and said: "Mrs. Talmadge, as you are in no mood to take advice, I will leave you," and he turned away with the utmost nonchalance.

When Nellie felt herself relieved of his presence, she let the child slide from her arms, and kneeled some time in silent prayer. While in this position, Louis came in; he started back on the threshold of the door in surprise, his eyes were much inflamed, but he seemed to be perfectly sober.

When Nellie arose and saw him stand as one in a dream she started up wildly, and ran to him crying: "Oh, Louis, Louis, my husband!" and fainted in his outstretched arms. He carried her to a sofa and gently laid her upon it. Covering her face with kisses, he called her by all the endearing names

that he was wont to do in olden times; but still she did not hear him. When he found that she did not answer, he kneeled down before the couch, still calling upon her to awake and hear his vows of repentance.

But, alas, for poor Louis; as he was kneeling beside his wife the tempter was gazing indignantly at him from the open door, as he said, between his clenched teeth:

"Ah, my work is not yet complete. I never forget a wrong; I will yet win and wear the prize, and will lay him in an early grave."

And as he said this to himself, he vanished, leaving the distracted young husband still moaning and calling upon his beautiful but inanimate wife.

He was aroused by the pattering of little feet, and when he lifted his head, there stood little Lu at his mother's head; the little fellow kissed his mother, and said in his childish way: "Mamma, wate up and tate Ui'e; papa, why don't mamma take wee." And he put out his little hands to be lifted up. Louis caught the child in his arms, and cried: "Oh, my son, my poor neglected boy. If God will only spare my wife and boy, I am willing to bear everything, and live for them alone." And he put the child out of his arms, and walked

the floor like a madman. Then little Lu followed him with his little hands stretched out, crying: "Papa, do tate Ui'e up." At this time Nellie showed signs of recovery, and Louis took the child in his arms and sat down beside her, and had the satisfaction to see that she recognized him, when she stretched out her hands to be taken to his breast, and they were soon wrapped in each other's arms, when he made his vows of repentance.

Then, as quiet was resumed, he drew a letter from his pocket and gave it to Nellie, saying: "That is from Fred. Mortimer, who will bring his wife and sister-in-law; and who else do you think is coming, Nellie? why our old friend Lulu; won't you be glad?"

"Oh my, I will be happy, indeed, now that my Louis is restored to me, and he will never, never be tempted again;" and Nellie looked up to her husband with her eyes filled with glad tears, as she said this; then she kissed little Lu over and over again, saying that she believed that it was her angel boy that brought back her truant husband; and she repeated these lines:

> "I've raised me an idol to worship at will;
> Thro' life's vicissitudes I'll cling to still."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TEMPTER FOILED.

In a few days after the scene in our last chapter, Lulu arrived, much to the delight of our little party, especially little Lu, who called her Aunt "Uillie," and climbed upon her lap when she ensconced herself upon a sofa, and would put his chubby little hands all over her face, and try to "shut up her bright eyes" as he told his mother.

Lulu did not meet with Mr. Moreland until evening, for that gentleman was out concocting some plan to ensnare the unsuspecting Louis, who was as devoted as ever to as his wife.

Lulu having been presented to the gentlemen in question, everything passed off pleasantly that evening, and for several successive evenings. Mr. Moreland being very assiduous in his attentions to both ladies, although he was more loverlike to Nellie, who noticed that, since Lulu's arrival, he staid in the house a great deal more than was his wont. But she was so happy that Louis always made one of their number. He always stood ready to turn over music, or for a game of whist,

or a romp with little Lu. He seemed quite like the Louis of olden times, and Nellie was bright, cheerful, and happy again.

One evening Louis invited Lulu to pay a visit to Ralph Walton and his charming wife, who often passed an evening with Nellie. When they left Mr. Moreland was just approaching the house; he bowed very polite and they passed on. As he gazed after them, he murmured:

"Now is my time; I think this is, indeed, a paradise. There must be a serpent in the garden to make it complete. Now I shall make sure of my prize; but, hang it all, since that girl's advent into this family I feel that half the 'old nick' has gone out of me. She exerts a powerful influence over me somehow. I wonder what will come of all this; but, before I think of the girl, widow, or whatever she is, I must break up this too happy family, for I owe Louis a grudge ever since we were boys."

So saying, he entered the house, and was met by Nellie, who exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Moreland, I am glad to see you back so soon, for I am all alone, and would like a game of cards. Louis and Lulu have gone to spend the evening with May Walton."

"I will be only too glad to accede to your request, madam, for I feel rather lonely this evening. Louis has slighted me lately, and I must fly to you

for pleasure. Now, in particular, for that sweet girl will lead him off;" and, as he said this, he waited to see the effect it would have upon her; but she only laughed and said they would make up for their absence, by spending the evening as pleasantly as possible.

Moreland exerted himself to make it pass off pleasantly, and so effectual were his efforts, that when the party returned, they were surprised to find the time had flown so rapidly; they then separated for the night, and the next day was spent in much the same way. Then, in the evening, Moreland prevailed upon Louis to accompany him to the theatre, after which they adjourned to the club room, and played cards and drank wine until nearly dawn, when poor Louis was borne home in a helpless condition, which caused great excitement in the little family, and great exultation in the breast of Moreland, who seemed sure of his prize now.

In the morning Louis was still very sick, and remained in that condition all day; and in the evening he was very anxious to go out with his friend, who was only too well pleased to have him go.

Louis had now a taste for wine, and his destruction seemed inevitable. Often while in an insensible condition, would Moreland go to Nellie and beg her to repose all confidence in him.

Lulu kept a watch over Louis, and one evening, when he was bent upon going to the club, she followed him out, and just as he neared the place, Lulu turned the corner, and in stepping upon an orange peel, fell heavily to the ground. Louis sprang forward to assist her, and called a carriage, placed her tenderly in it, then seating himself, drove rapidly home. When they arrived he lifted her out, and partially carried her up to the door.

This action did not escape the keen sighted Moreland, who thought his victim far away and deep in his cup. But he did not hesitate one moment in calling the attention of Nellie to the infidelity of her husband, for, said he, "Louis made an excuse to me, that he had business of importance out that evening, and could not accompany me. So now, my dear, little, much abused angel, you see for yourself his important business and the truth of my words."

Just then they were interrupted by the entrance of Louis and his suffering companion, who leaned heavily upon his arm, but who seemed pleased at something that Louis was saying, as a low rippling laugh was heard as she entered the room.

Nellie approached and assisted her to the sofa; but Lulu insisted upon being taken to her chamber,

where she could bathe the swollen limb. Then Moreland came forward and offered his services, which were politely declined, Lulu declaring that by the help of Louis and the balustrade she could accomplish the feat in safety.

Lulu was confined to the house for several days.

One evening, when Louis was absent, she entered the parlor softly, and was surprised by seeing Moreland sitting by the side of Nellie. She overheard him saying:

"Sweet angel, come fly with me; Nellie, darling, look up; I have loved you long and passionately, let it not be in vain; I can appreciate your noble heartedness more than he who has betrayed the sacred trust. You have witnessed with your own eyes his infidelity; you have seen how she whom you looked upon as purity itself, has supplanted you in his heart's affections."

Having heard this Lulu withdrew, but the next morning she had a long conversation with Nellie, who made a full confession, and as she wept upon Lulu's shoulder, she said she would be guided entirely by her.

In the evening Lulu, also, held a long converse with the young husband, and the result was he stayed at home. And every evening after that they always had a great deal of company; and little

Lu was brought forward to the great delight of that young gentleman, who entertained the company by his many little pranks, and his wonderful "gibberish."

Now, by this means, the serpent lost his wonderful power in the garden, and the flower of happiness bloomed once more, for the eyes of both husband and wife were opened to the treachery of him they looked upon as a friend; and finding that he had lost his power, he very suddenly announced his departure for the Continent; and right glad was Louis when he waved his adieu from the deck of the noble vessel as she rode out of port.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE SURPRISE.—THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The next evening after the departure of Moreland, there was a brilliant fête given in honor of Nellie's birthday. The company, of course, was composed of the oldest and most aristocratic families in New Orleans. The drawing room was splendidly decorated, and the presents which Nellie had been receiving all day were set out upon a table in the parlor, so that all might see, every one of which had a card attached with the giver's name thereon.

There was music and dancing, and several fine quartets were sung, when all insisted upon the fair recipient of those great favors, favoring them with a song. And very proud was Louis to lead the young beauty through the admiring throng up to the grand piano. When she was seated, he gallantly turned over the music, and she sang in a full voice, "Hear me, Norma." After the singing, as she was about to leave the piano, some friends pressed forward and begged that as they were together, husband and wife, to sing a duet. As they

smilingly acquiesced, a very handsome picture it made indeed. Nellie—so fairylike—her golden hair caught up in a net, with here and there a stray little curl, which fell upon her white neck, contrasted beautifully with the azure-blue silk dress. The beauty in Nellie's dress was its simplicity—and the contrast was, indeed, great between this little fairy and her handsome husband, now that he had the spell broken that bound him, and "Richard was himself again."

As their rich voices blended, every eye was fixed in admiration upon them; and when they had finished, they were greeted everywhere, with "admirably done," and thanks for such delightful songs.

Then our old friend Fred Mortimer approached with his lovely Northern wife. As the friends were very gracious, they soon exchanged ladies, and each led his partner out for the dance, after which, they repaired to the supper room, and in such like manner they spent the entire night, the young bloods singing:

"We won't go home until morning,"

And, indeed, I doubt that many could tell then whether they were going home or not. But at length, as everything must have an end, the leave takings were made, and many wishes for the re-

turn of many such happy birthdays; then, and not till then, did the young husband present his birthday gift. As all were about to take leave, the door opened, and two men bore in a large frame, which they sat down, resting it against themselves. Then Louis approached and lifted the covering, amid profound silence. All gazed with rapture upon the full-sized portrait of Captain Louis Talmadge in full uniform. Nellie was overcome, and Louis caught her in his arms, as she cried out: "Oh, my noble husband."

Louis turned toward the portrait and smilingly said: "This I present to my idolized wife on her twenty-second birthday, with a hearty wish for the return of many of the same."

By this time the assemblage had expressed their surprise and admiration of the beautiful portrait, and again were unanimous in their wishes for many returns of this memorable night. They took an affectionate leave of their noble host and his young wife, who stood proudly by her husband and waived an adieu to her friends.

Thus ended the twenty-second birthday of Nellie Talmadge, and the celebration of the complete restoration of her husband's manhood.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OLD AUNT DINAH.

"Old woman, old woman, oh, whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the skies."

—*Mother Goose.*

This was sung out by little wooley-headed Nace, whom we have seen before, when old Pompy threw him down the steps in the hall at the residence of Mrs. Talmadge.

Well, the person to whom he sung out at, was old Aunt Dinah, as she was called, but christened Diana; this caused a burst of merriment from the young negroes, for they looked upon Nace as a great wit. And as Aunt Dinah flourished her broom around, they set up just such a yell of delight, as only negroes can; and rolled their eyes to show the white in full; and you could also count every tooth in their capacious jaws as they yelled out:

"Yah! yah! yah! dar's Nace along wid Aunt Dina; wonder if he's gwine to help dust the cobwebs from de sky, too. I more dan 'spects he am."

And they ran after Aunt Dinah and shouted:

> "Old Aunt Dinah, let me in
> To warm my toes and toast my shin."

As they drew near the old negress, she swung the broom around among them saying:

"Drat your pictur! ain't you got any better manners dan to foller a 'spectable cullud pusson as I is? You neber see white folks act like dat? You jist want Mas'r Ralph to take the rattan to you, dat's all! Mas'r Ben Butler dun spilte you dem dar. Dats all de good he's dun wid his old blinkin' eyes an' old bald head. Dat's all. If ole Mas'r Lincum had only staid home splitting ob his rails, we wud all be jist as well off. Here's all you young niggers running up like wild weeds, you is."

And as Aunt Dinah seemed perfectly well satisfied at this outburst of eloquence, she flourished her broom once more, and shook her head until she misplaced her Madras turban. And the little negroes squandered in every direction, for just then they caught sight of Captain Talmadge, who approached Aunt Dinah and asked her what was the matter.

The old woman, who thought herself very consequential after this complete victory over the boys, saluted him with "Sarvice, massa. You ax

what is de matter? Why, my dear chile, matter nuff. Dese here young niggers is allers up to some mischief. Dey couldn't bar too see a spectable cullud pusson like myself, gwine long de street in a peaceable condition ob mind, in love with everybody, for now you see we is all free through de great lub of Massa Lincum, thank de Lord. And we is no more slaves now, but am equal to any white pusson. Derfore it am bery shameful in dese little black apes. I 'clar 'fore you, Massa Louis, I'se shamed ob my own cullar, dat's a fac'."

"Well, Aunt Dinah, where are you going? I will accompany you, and keep those little black apes away from your august presence," said Louis: smiling. To which proposition Aunt Dinah seemed delighted, and they walked along, she planting her broom down at every step, and her tongue running at locomotive speed, as she told Louis "Dar was nuffin like a white gemmen to scorch you bout arter all. It made all de niggers star at you wid de white ob dar eyes up to the highest pitch, and dey dar not speak to you neither." She furthermore told Louis, that she was on "her way to see Miss Nellie, and young Mas'r Lu. Might de Lord keep 'em. And she thought as long as she was a sweepin and had de broom in her hand, and as

she being an ole woman, she thought it would do fur a cane; and the book which she carried in her left hand was a fortpolly (portfolio) for Miss Nellie dat Miss May dun sent her long time ago; but she neber could get time to fetch it afore. Bless 'em."

As they turned a corner leading to the house, they found several little negroes peeping around, and one of them shouted out:

"Lor', golly! if dar ain't ole Aunt Dinah wid Mas'r Louis. I tell you, Nace, we better had skedaddle;" and suiting the action to the word, much to the delight of Louis as he saw them making room for them in double-quick, and Aunt Dinah grumbled, "drat it all, niggers will be niggers; don't kere if you puts two coats o whitewash on 'em."

By this time she reached her place of destination, under the escort of the gallant Louis, in safety, and as she neared the door, she was met by the nurse with little Lu, who ran to Aunt Dinah. And that good old dame took him up and kissed him over and over again, saying: "He was jist like Miss Nellie, an de 'spres image ob his fader." Louis burst out laughing at this, and left Aunt Dinah in her glory with the boy, her broom and her wonderful fortpolly.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ELOPEMENT.—FLIRTING AND ITS SAD RESULTS.

We must now go back to the quiet village where we left little Birdie, for she did not accompany her sister and brother-in-law Fred M——, to their home.

Now it seemed that there had been some coolness between the lovers for some time, and Birdie was flirting in a terrible manner, "to spite Frank," as she said, but in reality making herself very miserable, for the more she flirted the more indifferent did Frank get, until one day he found her under a great willow tree crying as though her heart would break. He stood aloof for some time, then approached her gently, and called, "Birdie! Birdie!" no answer. He called again, but Birdie would not answer; he then threw himself down upon the grass and drew her hands from before her face and held them in his, while he said softly: "What is the matter with my pet; is she angry with Frank? Now, Birdie, listen, and I will tell you a tale which I hope will cure you effectually of flirting, that most abominable thing in woman. Now listen.



"The Union of Hearts, and the Union of Hands,
And the Flag of our Union Forever!"

"Once upon a time there lived an aged couple with an adopted daughter who was very beautiful; when she grew to be a woman she was admired by every one, rich and poor. In time this young girl went to New York City, and while there was considered the belle of her set. When she returned home she was greatly changed; she had all the airs of a city-bred girl, and the lover that she had, before she went to New York, was really nothing in her sight when she returned. Well, several city chaps found their way down in the quiet village, and one in particular, a young lawyer, and a very handsome man by the way, paid great attention to the fair beauty, but as she was the acknowledged queen of the rustics, she flattered herself that she could get any man to kneel at her feet, and she flirted to her heart's content and a little over. Now, there happened to be at that time an old schoolmate of hers, who always said she was to be his little wife.

"He had returned to his native place after an absence of many years, handsome and wealthy, and of course resumed the acquaintance of his early flame; he was of a quick temperament and jealous disposition, was soon in the beauty's brain, and in fact, her acknowledged lover. He bestowed upon her costly presents, and she wore a great solitaire

diamond upon the engagement finger; but for all this her love of flirting was so great that she heeded not his supplication or his outburst of indignation.

"So things went on for some months, when one day there was to be a great picnic, and she told him that she was going with one of her city beaux. He remonstrated with her, but it was of no avail. She went to the picnic, and of course she was the reigning belle; but what surprised her was to see her lover with a strange lady—a very beautiful girl she was, too; he bowed coldly every time they met, which piqued her not a little. She left the grounds before it was time to leave for home, for she thought when he would miss her he would soon follow; but such was not the case—for several days he did not go near the house.

"Well, one day he took courage and called to tell her that he was going off to China; she turned perfectly white, and held on to the back of the chair for support. When she recovered sufficiently to articulate, she pleaded with him, but he paid her back in her own coin: as she could not give up flirting for his sake, he would not give up the hopes of a lifetime for a miserable coquette; and so they parted. She saw her folly when it was too late.

"He staid in China two years, and when he re-

turned he married the young girl that we saw at the picnic, and the lady I speak of married the young lawyer, who turned out to be a scamp, who married her for her money; they lived miserably together. Now, Birdie, do you know who that young girl was?"

Birdie said: "O-o-o-o-h, Frank, I don't know!" and cried piteously.

"Birdie, darling, that was your mother, and the man was my father," said Frank. "Now, are you going to wreck our happiness in the same way? If you do not love me, Birdie, just say so in so many plain words; but if you do, just throw your white arms around my neck and say, 'Frank, I love you,' and we won't wait for any new clothes, darling, but will strike while the iron is hot, and have a grand affair. 'Up in a balloon.'"

Birdie soon found utterance; and did what Frank told her to do, she clung to his neck, saying: "Frank, I do love you; will that do?" and she hid her blushing face upon his bosom.

And Frank showed what a great bear he was, to be sure, for he hugged her so tight, she cried out that he was breaking all her bones—whale bones, I suppose she meant—but Frank said "No, it would not do, that as there was a harvest moon, she must

"Meet him by moonlight alone."

And before another sunrise she was Mrs. Frank Ray.

Frank did not stop to hear what people had to say; but Birdie had her trunk brought out while everybody was out of the house, and left a note saying that she thought it was so cunning to steal a march upon everybody, that they all knew that she was gone with her dear Frank, and as they all loved him, and knew that she owed her life to him anyhow, and he had only claimed what was his own, she left kisses for all, and that she would soon be at home; but wasn't it nice to run away?

It only caused a nine days' wonder, but everybody knew that Birdie flirted, and said Frank was right to take her just so, and not let her wreck his happiness like her mother had wrecked his father's, so the young runaways had a hundred good wishes sent after them, for they were very much beloved.

Well, in due time there came a letter from Frank, asking to be forgiven, that he had to catch his little Birdie that way or not at all, and that Birdie was happy with his sister and brother Ford, and baby Lulu. So Frank was forgiven, and all went off merrily.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BRIDAL TOUR.

Great, indeed, was the surprise of Fred Mortimer when he met Frank Ray on W—— street. Frank was sauntering along leisurely, looking in at the windows like a great schoolboy, when he heard his name called, and felt a lively slap upon his shoulder. He turned quickly and grasped the hand of Fred warmly, who insisted upon him accompanying him home.

Frank declined the kind offer, and told Fred that it was his place to call upon his wife at the hotel.

"Your what!" said Fred in surprise.

"Why, my wife, to be sure," said Frank proudly. "Do you suppose that you are the only man that can claim that inestimable boon?"

"Pardon me, old boy, I was so surprised that I did not know what I was saying hardly; but, as I see by the brightening of your countenance that you bear me no animosity, we will take a drink on the strength of it, and we will do ourselves the honor of calling upon the Right Hon. Frank Ray and wife."

So saying, with a merry laugh and a hearty shake of the hand, the two friends made for the "Shades," to lighten their hearts over the all-important event.

After being refreshed with wine, each lighted a fragrant Havana, and with another cordial shake of the hand they separated with a sure promise of meeting in the evening at the hotel.

In the meantime Fred called in at Nellie's and told the news, which was received with delight by that little fairy, who communicated it to Lulu who had just dropped in, and the result was a surprise party at the hotel the next evening, for they said the first evening should be set apart for the quiet meeting between the sisters, and the overjoyed Fred hurried home to surprise his little wife with the joyful tidings. To say that she was surprised is indeed saying very little, for she told her husband that the last letter she received from Birdie was to the effect that she and Frank had a regular falling out, and she would never make up again, but said, laughing: "Fred, you know that when girls say they won't make up, they don't mean a bit of it, but are only waiting for the lover to fall at their feet and sigh out his repentance, and vow all sorts of things, or to rave and tear his hair and vow vengeance on the innocent cause of his trouble.

Then the dear creatures are willing to throw themselves into the arms of their hero, and so they are bound by stronger ties than ever. So I suppose our Birdie was caught, but we will hear the whole story this evening, love;" and Fred fondly kissed his wife, and told her to make preparations for the visit in the evening, and that nurse was to take little Lulu; "it would not do to leave the little prattler behind, for we must take all the family, you know," and with a kiss of the hand Fred vanished through the open door, and did not return until the little family were all ready to pay the visit, then placing them in the great family carriage was driven rapidly towards the Lyons House, where they were cordially received by Frank and taken to their private apartements, where Birdie was soon folded in her sister's fond embrace. The happy young wife sobbed aloud upon the faithful bosom of her sister, and when quiet was restored she laughingly related the history of their hasty marriage and the elopement extraordinary as she thought.

Frank and Fred were deeply engrossed in conversation when they were interrupted by the toddling Lulu, who scrambled upon her father's knee, saying: "Papa wants Lulu, don't papa?" and not succeeding in getting the cigar from his mouth,

she contented herself by pulling his beard, which Fred did not much relish, and told her that if she were only a boy, she would catch a whipping, which she seemed to understand, and screamed out at the top of her voice, "Bad papa! bad papa!" and then scrambled down from his knee, ran to her mother and cried, "Bad papa, papa bad;" but when her father ran towards her she shouted, "No, no, good papa, good papa;" much to the delight of that gentleman and Frank.

The sisters had so much to talk over, that it was quite late when the visiting party took leave; for the two gentlemen strolled off by themselves, and were gone some time, but the evening passed off pleasantly. Lulu made friends with Birdie, and she was invited to visit her Auntie often.

The next evening Captain Talmadge and wife, with Lulu, called upon the young bride. They were not in long before Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Walton were announced, and Dr. Henry and lady also. The party was a complete surprise, and what surprised the young couple most was, that each of the guests brought a handsome bridal present which they received with gratitude. About one hour before the leave-taking Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer were announced; the latter brought her sister a handsome set of pearls, Fred brought her a complete

set of diamonds, and baby Lulu's present was a portrait of that young lady's own sweet self, which was much admired and gratefully accepted by the young couple. So ended the surprise party.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE RETURN OF THE BRIDE.— THE DEPARTURE OF LULU.

For some time there was a continual round of parties given to the young couple, and they were kept in one whirl of excitement, and Birdie was truly glad when the time came for her to leave the intoxicating pleasures of the gay city and settle down in her quiet home, as she used to sing,

> "With her dear Frank beside her,
> No more would she roam."

One day she saw Lulu out shopping, and she told her that she would start for New York in two days. Lulu on the instant agreed to accompany her, and immediately made preparation.

The evening before their departure they held a grand reception, and bade a fond adieu to all their friends, both old and new, and amid many heartfelt wishes for their safe arrival at home, one by one took leave of them, and the three friends were left alone to rest a few hours before proceeding on their journey.

Early in the morning, Fred Mortimer and his wife called to take them to the boat. When they

arrived at the wharf, they were met by Louis Talmadge and Nellie, who bade them a fond adieu; and when the noble "Orion" sailed out of the harbor, they waived their handkerchiefs as long as they could be seen, and thus at early dawn the friends parted.

When little Lu could not find his Aunt U'la, as he called Lulu, he said he was going out to look for her; and off he started, but his father followed him; and when he could not find Lulu, he came to the sage conclusion, to return home; but missing his way, his father had to take him up in his arms, and bring him safely to his mother.

In a few days there came a telegram that the little party had arrived safely in New York, where they would remain some time; then Frank and Birdie would proceed to their home, where the fond friends awaited them.

The day after the arrival in New York City of our little party, they took a good rest; and becoming entirely refreshed on the second day, they made up a party of agreeable acquaintances, and drove out to Central Park; there they spent the day in the most delightful manner: roaming about the grounds, searching out the hidden spots and treasures of the Park, and sailing

> "O'er the glassy lake
> Reflecting liquid fire."

As the boat shot under the "sounding bridge," as it is called, the pilot struck his oars two or three times upon the side of the boat, and the reverberation was tremendous. After sailing around for some time, Lulu and Birdie enjoyed themselves with rolling up their sleeves, and dragging their hands through the water. They begged to be taken again under the bridge of echoes, which the kind and handsome pilot did with pleasure, he also struck his oars again, and it sounded like the roar of artillery. When they had sailed around to their hearts' content, they thanked the obliging pilot; and after partaking of some refreshments, and rambling about until sunset, they left for home, where after a delightful drive, they arrived just in time to make preparation for dinner.

For several days they were in a perfect vortex of pleasure, taking delightful drives and pleasure trips, both up the grand Hudson river and down the bay. They were particularly pleased with a visit to Blackwell's Island. In passing the cells where the dangerous lunatics were confined, one took a fancy to Lulu, and brushed a panful of dust upon her, saying, "My dear, if you want money, you can draw on me for a thousand dollars." I suppose he must have thought that the papers and dirt in the pan, was actual money,

and therefore brushed it upon Lulu, who pitied him very much.

After visiting Fort Massey, as it is called, which the old man said he was twenty-seven years building. At the entrance of the fort was a small flower garden; the gate of which he kept locked, and all who gained admittance, had to pay him an entrance fee.

At the time of which I write the old man Massey seemed perfectly rational, and he insisted upon accompanying Lulu out about a quarter of a mile, to the fort, upon a narrow strip of land which he had made himself; it was about five feet from the marshy ground; which when the tide came in was under water. The rest of the party had gone on before and had reached the fort, while the old man was showing Lulu the beauties of the riverside, and telling her that he had built that wonderful fort "to keep the Britishers from taking New York City, and during the late rebellion it kept the 'Southern scoundrels' from storming the city. But if the city authorities did not soon settle his claim (which was enormous), he would effectually silence his guns, and let the rebels take the city and welcome.'"

As he said this, he grew terribly excited, and

told Lulu to wait until he could fetch his gun, and before she could remonstrate he was gone, but soon returned with his gun; fortunately, the keeper came in with him. He approached Lulu, and said hurriedly, "Come along, young woman, or they will close the gates and we won't get in." But Lulu said she would not go. "Oh, ho!" "I think you are afraid of my gun?" So he laid his gun upon the ground, "Now you can come along, I'll leave him behind;" pointing to the weapon, and saying cunningly, "Stay there till I call for you, the ladies are afraid of you. Ha! ha! ha!"

Lulu would not go without the keeper, as the old man could run back any time, for he was as agile as a cat, and she thought if the gun was not loaded, he might give her a sudden blow, and there being scarcely a foothold, she would soon be precipitated down into the terrible marsh, where none could rescue her from sinking.

When the keeper bade the lunatic leave his gun and precede him, the old man gave a yell and leaped forward, and reached the fort in double quick time, greatly to the astonishment of the visitors.

But he soon got over the disappointment of leaving his gun, and showed the wonders of his fort.

He had cut hay for ammunition, stowed away in the walls, and great mud balls stacked up for cannon balls. On a little desk laid an open book, a quill pen, and a pair of spectacles without glasses; he seemed delighted at showing his visitors around. When they approached the mounted cannon, the formidable looking things turned out to be simply wooden guns; also the gun which he had left behind him. But Lulu laughed and said: "She was afraid of a gun without lock, stock, or barrel;" and with that the party took leave of the kind keeper and the builder of Fort Massey, and soon left the Island. Thus ended their visit to Blackwell's Island.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOME AGAIN.

A FEW days after the visit to Blackwell's Island, Frank, Birdie, and Lulu took the boat for home, where they arrived in safety, to the delight of all the quiet people that she left so abruptly a few months before. It was the month of May, and the country looked beautiful in its summer dress; every one was delighted to have Lulu again in their midst. The merry, noble-hearted Frank was in his glory, he had fishing parties, racing, frolics, and boating parties. At the end of the month they all went up to the mountains and stayed several weeks; of course they enjoyed themselves famously.

One day, Frank proposed that they should return to S——. As they had to find a home, he thought they had better try the experiment at once, and in a few days our little party made preparations to return.

When they reached home Frank busied himself looking for comfortable quarters, as he said, to lay in grain for the winter; but in reality it was to see

what a model housekeeper his little wife would make.

He was very fortunate in securing a beautiful cottage, but Birdie declared that she would not live in a great big house, just by herself, and if Lulu would stay with her all the time, she would be satisfied. Lulu persisted in going to New York in a very short time, but that she would stay and assist Birdie in arranging her little house.

So the three left again for New York to purchase furniture, and when they returned they had servants cleaning the paint and whitewashing everything around, so when the furniture came there would be no trouble.

In the meantime there was a quiet wedding in the neighborhood, and being invited to a little social party at the bride's house, our friends accepted the invitation, and during the evening Birdie whispered to the new bride about housekeeping, and made known all her arrangements, saying: "Now, Allie, wouldn't it be nice if Harry and you were to come and live in half my house?" Allie said that she would be delighted to do so, and that she would speak to Harry about it to-morrow.

The evening passed off very pleasantly with music and dancing, as only a few very dear friends of the young couple were invited. The party broke

up very early, each one being satisfied with the little entertainment, congratulating the happy couple, and leaving their simple gifts, took leave.

The next day Harry called upon Frank, and after a long conversation, took his leave, and Frank hurried to Birdie and made her acquainted with the all-important fact that Harry had taken half the cottage, and would buy half of the furniture. Birdie was delighted, and said she knew they would live so happily together.

The next day the furniture arrived, and the two girls were in ecstasies. In a little time the boxes were unpacked, and the carpets were soon put down, then it did not take long to put the furniture in the rooms.

Lulu was very busy, for as she understood all about housekeeping, everything had to be supervised by her, and when completed, the two brides were delighted with their new homes, and Lulu received the thanks of the two young husbands, with hearty wishes that she would always make their house her home. Lulu very gratefully thanked them and spent many happy hours with her friends before she took her departure for New York.

When everything was completed, the brides gave a large reception, and every one said that the commencement of housekeeping was very favorable,

indeed, and congratulated them upon their success in obtaining such snug quarters, and then again, everything was arranged in such fine style, when Birdie and Allie exclaimed in a breath: "That, indeed, it was not they who had fixed up so nicely, but it was Lulu." Frank and Harry thanked Lulu warmly again and again, and told her that they would be pleased if she would consent to have a full length portrait of herself taken at their expense, to hang over the mantelpiece, which she modestly promised to do; but now she was constrained to say that sorrowful word, "farewell," for on the morrow she must leave such kind friends with many regrets; so with many a hearty hand shake they separated.

The next day Lulu left the happy family in their beautiful new home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BURNING STEAMER.—THE RESCUE.

As the steamer "Stonewall Jackson" was walking the waters of the Mississippi, "like a thing of life," with her upper deck crowded with passengers, taking in the beauty of the scenery, a wild cry arose that the vessel was on fire, and soon all was confusion, the women shrieking and fainting, children crying piteously, and amid all, the hoarse voice of the captain speaking through his trumpet to restore order. The scene was terrible in the extreme.

Soon the boats were lowered, and the women and children put into them and pushed off from the burning steamer. The fire now was raging fiercely, the gentlemen and crew worked with a will to subdue the flames; but with scorched hands, and hair and whiskers singed, they had to leave the scene and try and save themselves, and found no way to escape until the return of the boats. The scene here was sublime: there stood a band of heroes completely enveloped in flames awaiting their doom; the bow of the boat was just a living mass.

But at this fearful moment the boats were seen

approaching, and as the flames were chasing the passengers they rushed madly to the edge of the vessel, and many leaped into the boats which shot off quickly in spite of the cries for assistance from those who were forced to plunge into the waters to save themselves from being burned alive. Everything that could be thrown overboard was thrown to those struggling in the water. But many sank from exhaustion to rise no more.

Those that were holding on to the vessel, found her sinking fast, and plunged into the water. Just then the "Star of the West" came swiftly up and lowered her boats, and those unfortunate men were picked up in an insensible condition. They were kindly cared for by the passengers, among whom we find Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Walton, Mrs. and Captain Louis Talmadge, all of whom did their part nobly.

As Nellie was chafing the hands of one of the sufferers, who had been fearfully burned about the forehead, his hair having been singed by the fierce flames on the burning vessel, a groan escaped him, and he opened his eyes, fixing them intently upon Nellie, who gave a scream and dropped his hand. Louis ran to his wife, when he met the piercing glance of Charlie Moreland. But instead of leaving him to his fate as many would

have done to one who had wronged them as he had, they each took him by the hand and welcomed him back to his native land. This reassured poor Moreland, who had said before to Nellie: "Oh, why did you not let me die; I am not fit to live?" Louis said gently: "Moreland, if you are not fit to live surely you are not fit to die; but cheer up, old fellow, we are on our way to Grand Gulf, and thither you are bound to accompany us. It is indeed most fortunate that we hove in sight as the vessel sank; we saw no vessel, only a sheet of flames; we saw at a great distance a lurid glare, and like the pillar of fire to the children of Israel, we followed it; and thank God, it has been the means of saving many souls from a watery grave."

A hearty thank God burst from poor Moreland's lips as he closed his magnificent eyes, and grasped Louis by the hand while the tears ran down his bronzed cheeks. Really pitiful he looked as he lay there perfectly helpless in all his manly beauty. Many fair ladies crowded around to see the handsome stranger who was so terribly burned; for those very scars spoke more eloquently than words, how manfully he had fought to drive back the flames, and save the helpless women and children.

By the time the vessel reached the landing, nearly all the sufferers had been resuscitated, and

were in a fair state of convalescence; but poor Moreland was kept low by the pangs of remorse, for the very one whose hand had saved him from a watery grave, was he whom he once tried to destroy both body and soul.

When they reached their place of destination they took Moreland with them and nursed him back to life. And as he slowly recovered, a peaceful change of mind came o'er him, and he made a full confession to Louis, and had his full and free pardon. He often asked for Lulu, but they told him that she was living in New York City, whither, he said, he was bound to go, when restored to health. So by this disaster came the conversion of a sinful man.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.—THE REFUSAL.

As my object is accomplished I must now bring my narrative to a close.

It must be remembered that this simple book is written in commemoration of home scenes of those who have participated in the fierce struggle for liberty, from those whom we looked upon and felt were oppressors. When we saw our beautiful flag trailed in the dust by the hand of the tyrant who held the power, then did our noble men raise on high—

> "The bonnie blue flag,
> That first bore a single star,"

but which, at the close of the war, proudly waved aloft with the original thirteen bright stars upon it. Oh! indeed, that was a flag under which a freeman could die, and under which they did die, as they cried aloud:

> "Unfurl our glorious banner,
> In defiance let it fly;
> We'll drive the foes from off our land,
> Or in the fray we'll die.

"No matter on what bloody field,
Near our loved homes or far,
Cover us with the bonnie blue flag,
That bears a single star."

So sang the boys in gray as they marched proudly on to victory or death.

But oh! mightier pens than mine have portrayed the horrors and triumphs of war; I only portray home scenes, with no coloring. I clothe it not with brilliant hues of fiction, because we are carried away with such works; the mind is transported to the seventh heaven as it were, and when all is over, and we look back on what we have read, then we find the mind is stored with ashes, the sweets are all gone, the bitter alone remains; I ask the kind indulgence of a generous public, who when they read this simple book, will find there is nothing overstrained, and can have the satisfaction of knowing the actors in this little drama are nearly all living at this day; and when they read this simple book they will see how truthfully things have been portrayed.

And again, those who have shunned Lulu in her adversity will see, as she told them they should, their dastardly conduct towards the widow of him whose bounty they lived upon, whose hand was ever ready and willing to help them; but that

voice is silent, and that hand is cold in death beneath the dark waters; therefore, it must only remain for their conscience to answer, "Have I done right towards that man's widow?" If the answer is in the affirmative then I have nothing more to say.

The persons who figured in the opening scenes of this book—the male portion—are resting in the warrior's grave, and the ladies are scattered about earning a livelihood as best they can. Those who still command a portion of their former wealth are still enjoying life's pleasure, and as there will be a sequel to this book some day, I will bring all the actors upon the stage.

Now we must return to Lulu, who is still in New York City. She is the only one that stands alone. She is still drifting upon the waves of the sea of adversity upon a single plank, as she says; but no matter how high the waves, or how stormy the weather, there is sunshine in her heart, for when asked by friends how can she keep up under such adverse winds her reply is the same as ever:

"Though trouble assail,
And dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;

"Yet there 's one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The promise assures us,
The Lord will provide."

And upon that promise her faith is stayed, that simple faith is the cause of the sunshine in Lulu's nature.

One day, when Lulu was sitting in the drawing room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, she was accosted by a gentleman with, "I beg pardon, madam, but have I not the pleasure of addressing Mrs. S——, from New Orleans?"

Lulu arose and answered in the affirmative, at the same time recognizing Charles Moreland, she gave him her hand kindly, which he grasped with fervor, and seating himself by her side, held a long conversation; and when he bade her adieu, she had consented for him to call upon her at her residence, which he did often; and finally proposed for her hand, which she firmly but graciously declined, saying that she had no idea of marrying just yet, but if he was of the same mind one year from that time she would not answer for the consequences. Moreland started for Europe where he still remains, and Lulu is still in the great city of New York.

But, as I promised, I will bring all the actors in this life's drama again before the world, but clothed in different characters, with entirely new scenes. I only beg the kind indulgence of a generous public for the unknown writer. Adieu, for the present.

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